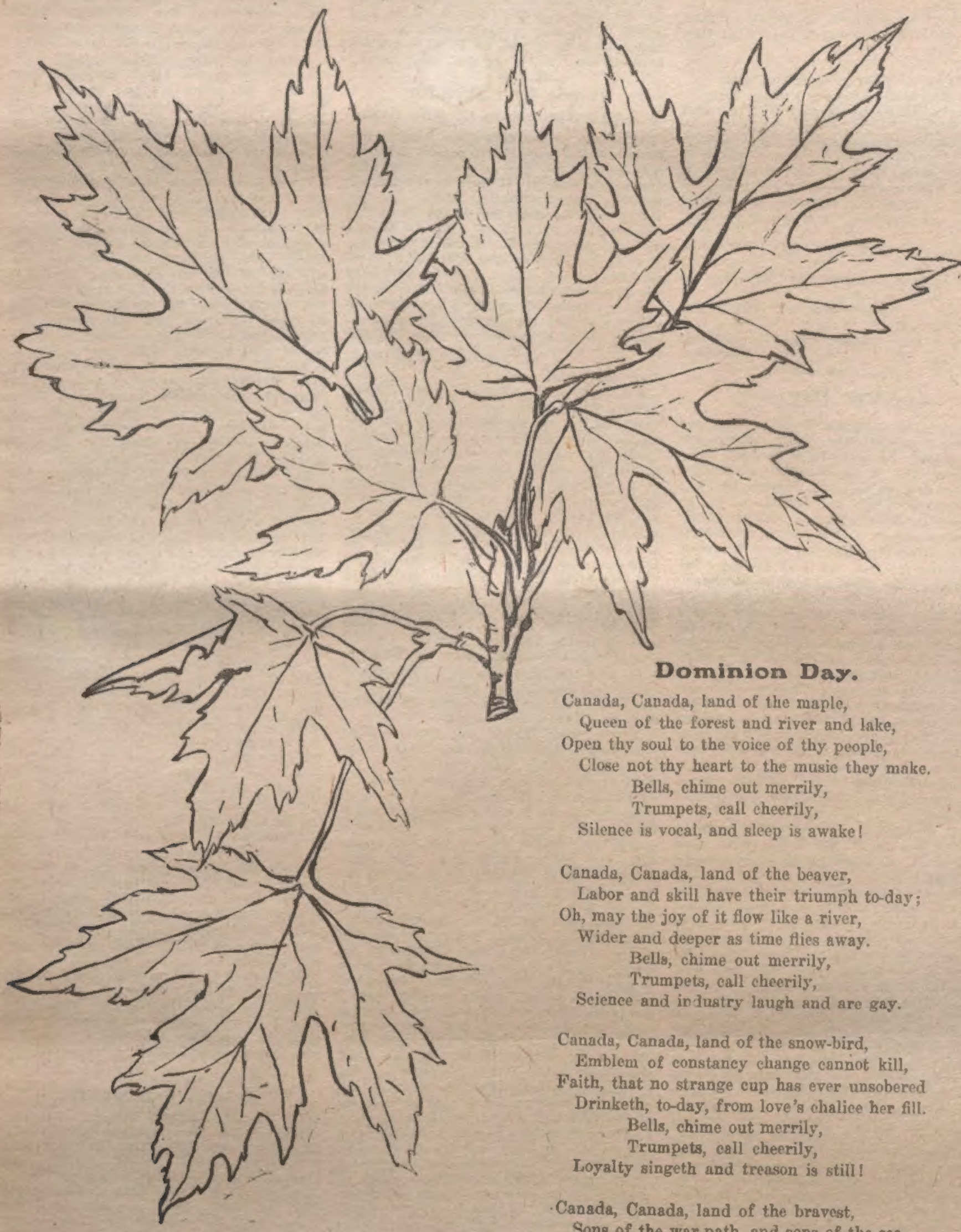
C-221-5-4

W Bronscombe 30 Jun 09

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 26 MONTREAL, JUNE 26, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.



Dominion Day.

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;
Oh, may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave lash, to-day thou enslaveth
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shouts of the free.

—*John Reade.*

Canada's Call.

Loud as the voice of her deep booming waters,
Clear as the lilt of her song birds in May,
Canada calls to her sons and her daughters:
Lift high your standard of manhood today.

Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning,
Rings the clear voice of our country's appeal,
Calling for heroes whose self-interest scorning,
Do what they know and dare what they feel.

Canada calls! Then let the response be
One that shall honor our glorious land;
Let us be all we would pray that our sons be,
All that our hopes and traditions demand.

Not in the wealth of her prairies so peerless,
Not in her output of silver and gold,
But in a people, free, righteous and fearless,
Lies her supremest of treasures untold.

Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains,
Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea,
Straight as the pine tree and clear as her fountains,
Honest and fearless, face—forward and free. —Selected.

Our Day.

To all of us who are Canadian born, and to all of us who have made Canada our own country by choosing it for our home, Dominion Day is as specially our holiday, our fete-day, as our own personal birthday. The 300th birthday of Canada we are to celebrate at Quebec this year, and we will all rejoice to share in that wonderful celebration, but Dominion Day does not loose its meaning because of that. It is all the more important, all the more worthy to be remembered, for without Dominion Day we would hardly have been able to join hands in this greater celebration. We would still be only a lot of small provinces, each trying to get the best for itself and jealous of all the others, and wasting time and thought and wealth in the process. Now we have one great Dominion, and while each province keeps its own individuality, each is working for the good of the whole country, and as a result each is sharing in the prosperity and strength gained as surely as each easily snapped willow rod in the old fable shared the strength of the bundle which could not be broken.

That old story of the rods that were bound together is a good one to remember when our pride in our country leads us into stupid boastings.

There are some small boys and some older folk, who being Canadian born, think it great fun to taunt those who have come from across the sea and mock at the men and boys who speak broken English. They forget, like the child who taunted the little girl next door, for being only an adopted child, and they deserve very much the same kind of an answer, 'Your mother just had to take you, but my mother choosed me.' Do these new countrymen of ours love our country any less than we do because they chose it? Are they not likely to love and appreciate its beauty and wealth and freedom even more than we who, having always enjoyed its privileges, are so apt to forget them? Let us welcome them all, dropping the stupid nicknames and forgetting the silly taunts that irritate and bring out the worst side of a man's character. The hand stretched out in welcome will be gladly grasped, and every hand touched in friendly welcome will add one more to those who work together to make and keep our great country, not only beautiful and prosperous and powerful, but known to all the world for the fearless freedom and righteousness of her people.

'There is no land like our land' we say, and truly we may well be proud of a Dominion which is from 'Sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth,' but let us not forget him 'whose Dominion is an everlasting Dominion.'

'Beware that thou forget not the Lord, thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes . . . . Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy gold and silver is multiplied, and all be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God . . . . and thou say in thy heart, my power and the might of my hand hath gotten this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth . . . . And it shall be if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God . . . ye shall surely perish.'

Work in Labrador.

SOME OF THE NEEDS OF THE LAND.

Some idea of the difficulties under which Dr. Grenfell's parish is at present laboring, may be gathered from a recent letter from him on the subject. It must be remembered, however, that Harrington, where the new launch will be stationed, is not under the Newfoundland Government, but in Quebec, on what is called the Canadian Labrador. It is on the telegraph line which Dr. Grenfell mentions in his letter as being carried by the Canadian Government partially along the Newfoundland coast, and is so in touch somewhat more with the outside world than are other parts of Labrador.

St. Anthony, April, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

This part of the colony is eagerly looking forward to the programmes of the respective parties in the coming election. Nothing has up-to-date so greatly set back the development of Labrador and North Newfoundland as lack of proper communication. For lack of it all kinds of hindrances to business occur every year, and unnecessary sufferings and deprivations overtake both our summer and winter residents. The five Marconi stations established two years ago are not yet in direct communication with Newfoundland, while in winter all the northern part of the colony is still entirely dependent on irregular mails carried by dogs. That this is not conducive to the expansion of local business or the settling by English speaking people is inevitable, and until the telegraph wire, that almost rudimentary appanage of civilization, finds its way along our coast, any improvement of condition of life and development is seriously handicapped.

A wire from Battle to Forteau along twenty-eight miles of our own coast, would be of great value, more especially if the Marconi stations were kept open during the winter months. This would put our entire East coast in touch with civilization, through the long wire the Canadians have been good enough to continue for our benefit so far down our Newfoundland coast. The taxes directly paid in Labrador itself are by no means inconsiderable. The new mills, the Hudson Bay Company and Revillion Frères, the world-wide fur-traders, are large contributors to this revenue. Add to this the money brought into the Government indirectly by the large population who spend so many months every year in Labrador and reap over a million dollars as their harvest of the sea there, and the total must very far exceed the amounts allocated for all purposes. Out of less than $30,000 spent, $20,000 are for summer mails by the small steamboat in the Straits, and that on the East Labrador coast $2,000 is spent on collecting the revenue, this is paid to residents of Newfoundland. Our one Labrador Fish Warden gets $7,000 a year, and the only river he guards is regularly netted under his nose. The balance of the expenditure inclusive of $1,200 between three hospitals is spent on the care of the sick and a few minor services. $2,000 is the annual grant for education in Labrador. Moreover, this latter being still entirely on denominational lines is thus rendered less effective than it might otherwise be. The best educated people on the coast are the Eskimo, and for that the Moravian missionaries are entirely responsible. I believe there is not a single adult Eskimo who cannot read and write, and who does not understand enough mathematics to hold his own in a bargain, while many can play several musical instruments, and do part singing. Labrador is still unrepresented in the Legislature and no member of the Government is especially told off to care for its interest.

Our reindeer are doing well still. Two injured by dogs two weeks ago are now well. Two deer hauling logs on slides out of the country a fortnight ago, were attacked by a team of dogs that went in after firewood on their path. The men drove off the dogs with the heavy sticks used for keeping the logs on the slides. But one savage brute, though stunned, again attacked and nearly killed one stag before it could be beaten off a second time. The unfortunate deer could not help themselves, being harnessed into the logs. We threw the deer when at last we got out to the stable, and sewed up the wounds as best we could, and though one deep large wound has become partly gangrenous, the poor beast is pulling around nicely now.

The dogs are certain to be a serious menace always to domestic animals, and though they seem essential to the people, are one of the most serious drawbacks to the development of those valuable additions to the fishery which our land and homesteads are well able to offer the fishermen. Earnestly, we look forward to the day when the deer will replace them. But at present they are all round the coast, and any moment the animals you are driving are likely to be attacked and murdered under your eyes. It is not safe to go about with loaded firearms, though it is almost as necessary to convey in the reindeer teams going in for logs as it was for the British Navy formerly to protect with armored cruisers the harmless trading and fishing fleets on their journeys to and from the same shores.

The deer industry is a very pretty and a very interesting one. While working we are obliged to keep our teams at night tethered out where they can dig moss for themselves. For we dare not keep the main herd near the logging paths, and it would be absurd to spend half each day catching the ones you wanted. Sometimes these break away from their moorings much as our schooners do only too often. Then it becomes a puzzle to locate them again unless there is a fresh fall of snow. One lost last week was captured by scouring the country with a couple of the deer with bells on, also by the men ringing a hand bell. On another occasion one morning, we found our straggler placidly feeding alongside one moored out with a bell on. Today a rather fresh arrival got so excited when we were moving him to a new moss ground for the night, that he tore off the stumps he was tied to. We had to lasso him and throw him down, and then refasten the line on his head. The fact that it had slipped back on his neck gave him the power to tear almost anything to pieces. In the summer the Lapps inform me it will be harder to keep the deer together, or rather to find them when they have strayed, and it may be necessary to take on an additional couple of apprentices. The only available spots for moss for tying our working deer out on now, are the tops of the hills, and unfortunately these have no stumps to tie them to. We are seriously contemplating graplins or kedge anchors for these next year, if by then we have not mapped the good spots for moss lower down where bushes and stumps are plentiful also.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—W. F. Hart, Roydale, $1.60; 'His Steward,' Rose Bay, N.S., $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 2.60

Received for the cots:—E. S. S., Sydenham, Ont., $1.00; Union Band of Hope, Round Hill, N.S., $8.00; Total.. .. ..$ 9.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,744.48

Total received up to June 9.. ..$ 1,756.08

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1908.

Israel Asks for a King.

I. Sam. viii. Memory verses 19, 20. Read I. Sam. iv.-viii.

Golden Text.

By me kings reign and princes decree justice. Prov. viii., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 29.—I. Sam. viii., 1-10.
Tuesday, June 30.—I. Sam. viii., 11-22.
Wednesday, July 1.—Deut. xvii., 14-20.
Thursday, July 2.—Hos. xiii., 1-16.
Friday, July 3.—I. Kings xxi., 1-16.
Saturday, July 4.—Prov. i. 20-33.
Sunday, July 5.—Micah iii., 1-12.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me anything about Samuel? He lived about eleven hundred years before Christ, that will make it about three thousand years ago, and we know a lot about him, because the Bible tells us the story of his life. There are two of the books in the Bible named after him and he began to be important very early in his life. His mother Hannah called him a gift from God, and as soon as he was old enough to leave her she took him to the temple of God to live and serve the High Priest there. I see you all remember about him, and it is not very long since we were studying about him in Sunday School, so you tell me, Fred, how Samuel heard God speaking to him at night. (If one pupil cannot supply all the story, ask the others to fill in what is left out.) Samuel was only a little boy when God used him in his service like that, and God could use him, because Samuel was obedient. All his life long he was obedient to God and tried to teach the people of Israel to serve and love God too, so God honored him and the people trusted him and came to him for advice. He used to travel about from city to city, teaching, helping, and acting as a judge when he was needed, until he came to be an old man and tried to get his sons to help him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is well in studying this Bible history to gain as clear an idea as possible of the condition of the contemporary world outside of the Holy Land. At the time the Hebrews had been settled some four hundred years in Palestine, having come through the stormy period of the judges with their only real union that of blood. The several tribes, it is true, hung together, but there were occasional inter-tribal wars, and it was rarely considered the concern of the other tribes if one or another were suffering from an attack of an outside enemy. The judges ruled only over the immediate district where their services commanded recognition, and the only distinct regular authority was vested in the priesthood and the tribal elders. There is some suggestion of rule in the cities by a sort of council of the prominent men (Judges ix.), but nothing definite. The country, about the size of Wales, was hilly throughout. On north, east, south, and partially along the western borders there were enemies who descended at times without warning on the territory nearest at hand, and inside their own borders there were yet fenced and strong cities with unsubdued Canaanitish inhabitants, who were a menace to the immediate neighborhood. It was this problem which Samuel's life work reduced so far to order that there was at least concerted action on the part of the tribes in desiring a king with the unity that a common ruler would demand. This early stage in the history of Israel was contemporary with the defeat of Turnus by Eneas and the founding of Lavinium in Italy as related in Virgil's writings, and with the rise of Assyria to great wealth and power. Israel, then, was well on its way as a kingdom before Rome was thought of, although the great empire of Assyria was Egypt's rival for place and power in the world of the time. Samuel had hoped to keep his nation free from the evils which the surrounding monarchies showed, and it was a bitter disappointment when they desired a visible king. God, he had taught then, was their ruler, but their faith proved too weak for them to accept and make practical a theocracy in the event of Samuel's death. They must be like the nations about them, but evidently their trust in Samuel is undiminished, for the selection of the king is left with him.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The imposing greatness of Samuel's character is seen in the results of his work. He found his people in the deepest national degradation, politically and religiously, and left them on the eve of the most splendid era in their history,—the age of their widest dominion as a nation, and of their greatest glory as worshippers of Jehovah. In him began the long, illustrious roll of the prophets, with their earnest, practical enforcement of a religion of the heart and life, in distinction from mere outward rite. In the schools of the prophets which he established, we have the germs of a higher ministry than any ceremonial priesthood. From his day, in spite of the splendor of the tabernacle or temple worship under David or Solomon, the priest took the second place in the religious forces of the nation.—Cunningham Geikie, 'Old Testament Characters.'

Verse 18. Ye shall cry out in that day because of your king. 'This was exactly fulfilled in the revolt of the ten tribes from Rehoboam, which was caused by the grievous burdens to which they had been subjected.' I. Kings xii., 4.—'Speaker's Commentary.'

Verse 20. Singularity is not to be affected for singularity's sake; but neither are we to conform to fashion simply because it is fashion. . . . . Can any one justify himself before God, if the honest utterance of his heart must be, 'I take this course, not because I deem it well-pleasing in Thy sight, but because if I did otherwise, men would laugh at me and despise me?' The very statement of the case condemns it. Not less is it condemned by the noble conduct of those who have withstood the voice of the multitude and stood up faithfully for truth and duty. Was there ever a nobler attitude than that of Caleb, when he withstood the clamor of the other spies, and followed the Lord fully? or that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when alone among myriads they refused to bow down to the image of gold? or that of Luther when, alone against the world, he held unflinchingly by his convictions of truth?—W. Robertson Nicoll, in 'Expositor's Bible.'

This truth is for the school boy in his school, tempted to swear and cheat because the other boys do. It is for the young man or woman in the boarding-house, crowded upon by the low atmosphere of gossip and frivolity which is hot and heavy there. It is for the shop-keeper shut in by the bad tricks and habits of his trade. It is for the men and women of society, for the students and the lawyers and the ministers; for the mechanics and the laborers; for every human creature who is tempted to slight his work and not do and be his best. To all such comes the call, 'Be better than the world! Break through the slavery of your class and time and set. Enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God.'—Phillips Brooks.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'One great work that Samuel did was the establishment of the schools of the prophets; schools for the training and education of young men, at Ramah, Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh. The head of each school was called the Father, and the studies included the Law of Moses, sacred poetry, music, and history. The students were thus trained for the prophetic work.'—O. R. Barnicott, LL.D.

Verse 19. Like the Israelites, we are tempted to insist on our own wills and choices, when wisdom would make us say 'thy will be done.' 'All insisting on our own will is really tantamount to rejecting God. We can neither have two masters nor two confidences. We cannot stand, like the apocalyptic angel, with one foot on the steadfast land and one on the tossing sea. We must serve God or, not and, mammon; we must trust God or, not and, "the things that are seen." The divine dealing with the faithless recreants is a specimen of what he often does with us. He lets us have our foolish desires, and so find out our mistakes.'—Maclamen in 'Sunday School Times.'

The Life of Faith, which relies on an unseen arm, and hearkens to the law of an unseen King, is difficult, and sense cries out for something that it can realize and cling to. Luther, in one of his letters, has a parable that tells how he looked at the vault of the sky, and sought in vain for the pillars that held it up, and how he feared that, having no visible suport, it must fail.'—Maclaren in the 'Sunday School Times.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 5.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. VII. Longings and satisfactions. Ps. lxiii. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 29.—Loving Christ best. Matt. x., 37, 38.

Tuesday, June 30.—Putting Christ first. Mark x. 21.

Wednesday, July 1.—Daily self-denial. Luke ix., 23.

Thursday, July 2.—Following Christ. Luke xiv., 27.

Friday, July 3.—Not pleasing ourselves. Rom. xv., 1-3.

Saturday July 4.—Enduring hardness. II. Tim. ii., 3 4.

Sunday, July 5.—Topic—What cross-bearing means. Mark viii., 34. (Consecration meeting.)

The First Thing.

The primary object of the Sunday School is to teach the Word of God, and nothing should be alowed to fill the minds of the young people during the brief hour alloted to this task but thoughts calculated to lead them to better and holier lives. They bring enough of the worldly atmosphere with them, and anything that tends from reverent attention to Bible truths should be promptly discouraged.

There is a dear old lady in a certain town who has taught in the Sunday School many years, and whose hobby is temperance. Sunday after Sunday she tells of the horrors of the liquor traffic till her scholars never trouble themselves to look up the lesson at all. They know the teacher pays no attention to it, so why should they? It is true that touching little illustrations and practical points pertinent to temperance may often be used to good effect in other than the regular lesson on that subject, but they should not be used to the exclusion of the work for the day.—'S. S. Times.'

Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner.—'Ram's Horn.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

A Marred Marriage.

(George M. Hammel, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

On the 26th of August, 1890, they two were wed—Anna Belle Johnson and William J. Smythe. A diamond day, flashing with brilliant sun from twilight to twilight, gracious with fulfilment of the betrothal pledge and promise of the happy days to come 'until death.'

'Until death!' The words cast the only shadow athwart the hours jubilant with sacredest delight—hours for which all other hours before had dawned and darkened. The minister uttered them in the solemn, official tone, and the bride would have shuddered had not her love overleaped death and soared into the heaven of an immortal fellowship of two hearts made one.

'Until death?' Oh, yes! And in the long afterwards—the afterwards into which the iron door opens—surely not even death shall separate us two. Did not destiny decree our wedding? Was it by chance that 'we two' met in the little church on a Sunday—and loved? Were we not mated—then and there—as soon as eye looked into eye, even before hand touched hand? To others a commonplace—a thing that might have never been at all, or that might have been otherwise without mishap. But to the bride, as she thought of that meeting and the happy courtship that followed, all the providences of God seemed to have fulfilled themselves. She kept no journal, but in the secrets of her soul there was this record: 'On Sunday, I met him—my well-beloved! my fate!'

And now the wedding day had come; her name had been merged into his, her identity lost. No longer was she 'Anna Belle Johnson,' but 'Mistress William J. Smythe.' No longer maid, but wife—and 'mistress' in the home where her best-beloved was 'master.' She was to have no will but his—he was to have no will but hers—and they two, being one, were to be heirs together of life's fullest grace. That was the fine, fair ideal—the poetry of marriage.

When the first baby boy came, welcome and beloved, they two were happy in the deep ecstasy of parenthood; and not less happy, but more, when the second boy came—and the third.

II.

Handsome, successful, popular, 'Will' Smythe dressed for his wedding with a great thrill of heart. He had lived the white life—had come to his bridal day with unstained ideal of the 'honorable estate' into which, reverently and in the fear of God, he was entering into a temple where a light burned in the silence before a shrine. He had had a brilliant career at college, had made his mark on commencement day—the orator of the day, costumed in white, a rare and scintillating figure. No one who saw and heard that June day on the campus ever forgot him.

Oh, yes; it was a fair day for him when he stood side by side with his 'Anna Belle' and promised to love, honor and cherish—until death. And to him, as to her, that was the shadow across the gladness—death. But the light of his joy swallowed it, and he forgot to think of death in the high delight of mere living. And so the months passed, lengthening into years.

III.

He never told her when he took his first drink. Accepting an invitation to dine at the club with his 'boss,' he drank a glass of beer. His church vows did not hold him then, his thought of his wife at home did not anchor his will. No reason for refusal arose in his mind. Reasons for accepting his boss's invitation arose.

Somehow the boss and he became familiar—dined together, drank together, travelled together during vacation. And Will found himself at last thinking more and more of his good fellowship at the club.

IV.

'You've been drinking!'

'Oh, yes!—beer! Everybody drinks beer! I'm not drunk! Nobody gets drunk on beer! You needn't be afraid!'

'But I am afraid, and for my sake and the boys' sake I wish you'd stop.'

'Can't! I know when I've had enough. I am not an imbecile—to be bound up by a pledge not to touch, taste, handle. Trust me.'

Even then his eyes were bleared and his voice thick—and when he wasn't drinking beer he was burning tobacco.

'I can stand your tobacco—though you didn't smoke when I first knew you—but I can't stand your beer.'

'Very well,' and he shrugged his shoulders. 'You can go your way, I can go mine.'

'I don't mean that, Will. You know I didn't mean that. But I think that you ought to have some regard for my feelings. You would object if I went to a woman's club, drank beer and smoked cigarettes. More than that, you wouldn't permit me to go to church as you have gone of late—under the influence of drink. Everybody knows that you are drinking—drinking too much!'

V.

But the wife's logic was as resultless as his own observation, and Will Smythe became—a hard drinker. He was never arrested, never arraigned in the police court as a 'common drunk' and consigned to the workhouse, but he became notorious as a 'drinking man.' Wildly thirsting for drink! A dipsomaniac! An abnormal man! An alcoholic!

Once, in a fight for self-control, he shut himself up in a room all day; paced to and fro hour after hour; cursed himself to hell as a man without a will—a man unworthy of the love of any woman or the respect of any boy; cursed the boss who had betrayed him in the name of 'business' and good fellowship; cursed the saloon, cursed the government that tolerates the saloon; cursed his appetite! And yet, when he staggered out upon the streets, he went to the first saloon—to buy a drink! Couldn't help it! And the saloon-keeper, asking no questions, gave him drink until he lay a wreck on the floor and was laid out on the pavement for the police to take care of.

And the police took him home. He was no 'common drunk.'

'Stand up! Brace up! Be a man!'

Once again he wrestled with the fiend through a long, long night, but early in the morning—he went out for one more drink! One last drink—he would stop if he could have one last drink! But the saloons were not yet open. He turned the knob—too early. The ordinance fixed 6 a.m. as opening hour. He was too early for 'business.'

VI.

At last everything went, and he was a sot. The Inebriates' Home was shut against him—a hopeless case. But his wife had clung to him—surely there was hope for her 'Will!' In her bitterness of grief, in the desperation of her hatred of the saloon, she had appealed to the saloon-keeper to refuse her husband drink—and the saloon-keeper had sneered at her agony and ordered her out of his place.

Frenzied, she hurled a stone through the 'screen'—and was arrested on a charge of 'malicious destruction of property.'

'Malicious destruction of property!' she screamed. 'But who is responsible for the malicious destruction of my happiness? Why doesn't the policeman arrest the saloon-keeper who sells my husband drink?'

She paid her fine—and the saloon-keeper replaced his screen.

Craving sympathetic help, she went to the prayer-meetings, and when opportunity was offered stood to denounce the liquor traffic, but after one or two appeals was informed that her harangues were out of harmony with the spirit of the hour. She appealed to the men of the church to vote the saloon to death, but was informed that the saloon was not an issue!

VII.

'Divorce?'

'Yes—on the ground of drunkenness.'

'But we were married—until death.'

She pleaded for her ideal—the beautiful dream of August 26th. Surely the drink would not part them.

Oh, yes! Drink had parted others. And she was shown the shameful statistics of her Commonwealth:

Suits for Divorce on Account of Drink.

Year.	Number.	Year.	Number.
1886	374	1896	841
1887	420	1897	797
1888	442	1898	993
1889	524	1899	1,111
1890	614	1900	1,269
1891	706	1901	1,136
1892	867	1902	1,175
1893	972	1903	1,194
1894	912	1904	1,135
1895	740		
Total			16,231

Sixteen thousand two hundred and thirty-one suits for divorce on account of drunkenness in my State since 1886! Thirty-two thousand four hundred and sixty women and men whose lives have been wrecked, whose marriage has been marred by the saloon. Sixteen thousand two hundred and thirty-one homes blighted by drink!

Does the Governor know this? He is a Christian; surely he will not keep silence in presence of this monstrous crime against the home! She wrote to the Governor, but received an official and formal reply to the effect that he had no authority to enact law, and could do nothing for her. She wrote to the Judge of the Supreme Court, to the Attorney-General, but was informed that the liquor traffic was taxed to provide against its consequent evils, and that 'the people' were satisfied.

'Satisfied! Satisfied! But I'm not satisfied. The tax does not bring good to me; it did not prevent the evil that has blighted my life.'

She went from house to house in her neighborhood, reciting her divorce statistics, until the neighbors pronounced her a bore—daft—a fanatic—a crank!

Then she brought suit for divorce—and Will besought her to withdraw it. He would reform! She must give him another chance! He would kill himself if she threw him off!

But the suit was entered, the case was tried, and on a day dark with the shame of a blighted life Anna Belle Johnson Smythe became Anna Belle Johnson again, with three boys bearing the name of the man who had sworn to love, honor and cherish her. Blanks were filled, documents were filled, reports were made, decisions rendered in a cold, official way, as if divorce were a 'case' and not a tragedy. The statistics would contain the record of her marred marriage, but could not disclose the horrors of the agony through which she had passed.

And she was only one of thirty-two thousand women and men whose lives were sacrificed to the saloon.

The Evil of the Cigarette.

We suppose no reader ever tried to find out how many cigarettes would be required from which to fill a good-sized pipe with tobacco? One and a half will do. And here is one of the worst things about cigarette smoking. A young fellow who might think one pipe a pretty good allowance for a while, will smoke four pipe-fulls of tobacco in the shape of half-a-dozen cigarettes in half an hour without realizing that he is doing anything out of the way.

Another bad thing about the cigarette is the habit which it offers to the cigarette smoker of inhaling the smoke into his lungs. That this is largely done, and that far more tobacco is used in a cigarette than the devotees of the habit realize, constitute a danger and evil of grave public dimensions.—'Christian Age.'

Correspondence

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I used to live at Peace River, Alberta, with my parents. Last summer I came with mother to Boissevain, where my brother and I are going to school. We are living with our grandfather and mother. We like to go to school. I never saw a train before I came out to Edmonton. I love to read the boys' and girls' letters. I love the 'Messenger' very much.

H. R. L.

C. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have not a very big school, but there are far more coming now since spring has come. We have had very rainy and snowy weather this spring. I have no pets but a dog, and I do not pet him up much, for he is too big. His name is Ponto. He will keep the hens away from the flower-beds. I like watching the hens, making nests, putting chickens in a coop, and gathering eggs. We live on a farm. We have just one horse that I can drive and they are afraid that he will run away with me, so I do not get him very often. His name is Rock and he cannot see a thing he is so blind.

HAZEL WOODS (age 11).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old and am living with a kind lady. My papa and mamma are both dead, so I am all alone in the world, but I have a good home. I have a black kitty and a white horse and a little hen for pets. Our horse is as white as snow. I went to Toronto to the exhibition last fall, and to Orillia twice last summer, and I have a good time. I call the people I live with mamma and papa, they are so good to me.

ANNIE McQUE.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. We have eleven cows and five little calves spotted black and white. I go to school every day and at noon some days we gather flowers. There is a small creek in our woods. My grandpa made me a water wheel. It is such fun to watch it. My uncle is coming home next month. We will have a good game of ball then.

CLARENCE STIRTAN (age 8).

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday School in the summer, but in the winter there is none, because it is too cold, and the roads are too bad to go there very often. I got a diploma, and a red seal for learning four hundred Bible verses in Sunday School. We have no school here yet this year, but I think it will start soon. Last year we had a teacher, and I liked her very well. When it was very hot in the schoolhouse last summer we had school in the woods. It was very nice, only the insects were troublesome. We made quite a lot of sugar this spring, but not nearly as much as last year.

LILY MacKINNON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have intended writing to you for a long time. My grandpa has been sending the 'Messenger' to our house for about fourteen years. I am trying to come head of my class this month. I was second last. I also go to the mission band every Monday after school. We have nice meetings, and last year raised $102 from mite boxes and concerts.

DORIS M. WOOD (aged 8).

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We enjoy the 'Messenger' so much that we do not like to miss getting one. I cannot always get to Sunday School. My sister is in the choir. I like to go to school, but have only gone four days this year. I like my teacher very much, for he is my papa. I have only one sister. I pieced an Irish chain quilt for the mission box. I am crocheting a shawl for my doll now. I will close with one riddle: Why is a handsome lady like bread?

ZETA KEARNEY.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our mission band meets twice a month, and I have only missed once since last September. I have one brother and two sisters, and for pets we have a cat, a dog, a pair of pigeons, one rabbit, and a canary. Beside this we have a horse and some chickens. We have a large lawn and three large spruce trees on the lawn. The name of our place is Spruce Lawn. It is in the cement walk and our house is made of cement.

STARLIGHT (age 15).

B., Ont.

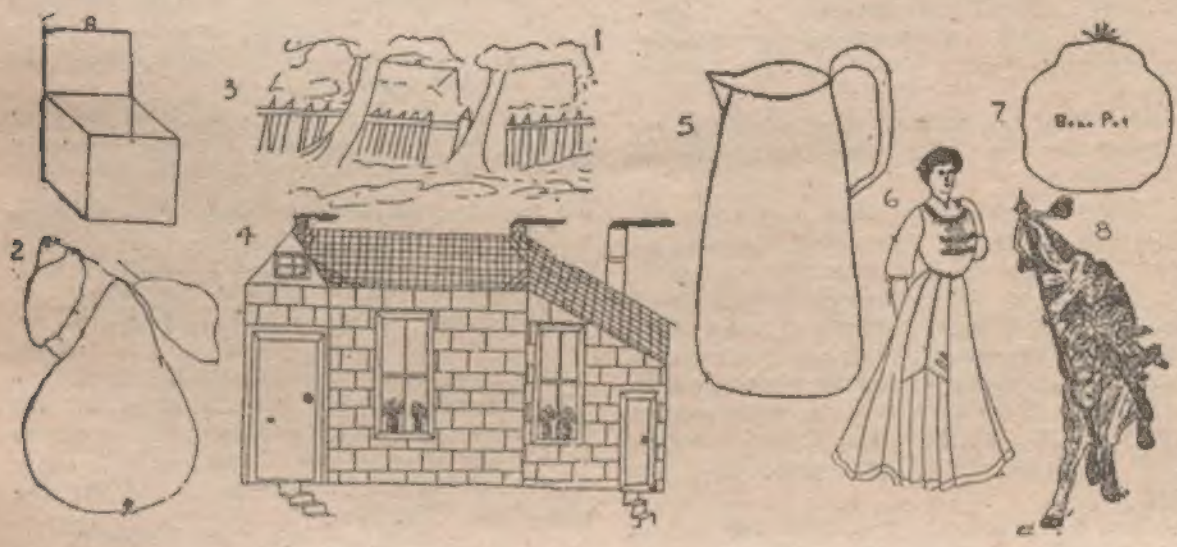
Dear Editor,—We are expecting an electric railroad through here this summer; it will be the Dunville, Wellandport & Beamsville road. We already have a large telephone service throughout the country which is very useful. Our school is not so very large, the average attendance is about eighteen. We sing night and morning and have prayer.

PEARL HESLER.

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have lived here fifteen years. It was a very small place at first, but now it is rapidly coming to the front. We expect this to be the terminus of the C. P. R. They are now clearing the right-of-way. There is some grand scenery here. We can sit in our house and see mountains for twenty-five miles around. We live on a farm beside a nice lake. I have a canoe and go for rides. Our farm consists of 45 acres. We are going to have a garden this year and plant vegetables for the market. My father is a wheel-wright by trade, but has taken up farming for his health. We have not lived on this farm one year yet. This is a splendid fruit-growing place, especially for apples.

FRANK H.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Box.' Edna Sears (age 7), W., Alta.
2. 'Pear.' May B., C., Ont.
3. 'A House.' Violet Plain (age 13).
4. 'House.' Muriel Kirk, S. B., Ont.
5. 'A Pitcher.' A. E. Cowan, Toronto, Ont.
6. 'Our Teacher.' M. A. B., Little Current, Ont.
7. 'Bean Pot.' Janet D., B., N.S.
8. 'Banner.' Frederick Ralph Burford (age 9), H., Ont.

THE SEASONS.

When the sun is shining brightly
And the birdies carol gay
You may know that Winter's over
And that Spring is holding sway.

When the flowers bloom in splendor
And you ask the reason why
'Summer's coming! Summer's coming!'
Is the glad reply.

When the harvest is aripening
And the leaves are turning brown
You may know that Autumn's hastening
With her fruit-trees laden down.

Next there comes the grim old Winter
When the snow-balls fly about
And the children greet each other
With a laugh and with a shout.

So we love the dear old seasons
As they hasten in their flight,
Guided in their ceaseless motion
By our Master's will and might.

MORTON MacMICHAEL (age 13).
Hartcourt, N.B.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to write to surprise my papa and mamma and grandpapa. I have two little brothers, and three half brothers. I have a cat called Minnie and I like to pet her very much. I used to live in the backwoods in Muskoka and I did not like it there because there was no school around where we lived. My papa and mamma live there yet, and I live three hundred miles from them. I live at my sister's home.

ELIZA WILTON.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a thresher. He has a traction engine and we have fun riding on it. I have often steered it when it is running along, and my brother can almost run it. We live on a hill and go fishing in the spring and summer. We have been fishing this spring and have caught some mullet and a pike. If the editor would come out to our place in summer we would give him a good time.

CLIFFORD C. EICHENBERGER.

[Sounds like it, Clifford, and that's a fact. Thanks for the invitation.—Ed.]

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is certainly not a nice day. This morning it rained for a long while, then it stopped raining and the wind started to blow very fierce and cold. I did not go to school Tuesday until noon, as I wanted to see my uncle move his house. I am in the fourth book now, but mean to try for the entrance at mid-summer. I hope to succeed in passing. I will close with a riddle: Why is an icy sidewalk like a piano?

VIOLET PLAINE.

OTHER LETTERS.

Donald Amon, W., Sask., says, 'I have a dog and in the winter I made him a harness and he can draw a sleigh with me on it.'

May Willard, L. R., P. Que., sends a little story which we will try to publish later. How nice to get on so well with your music, May.

Ida J. McLeod, H., N.S., asks, 'What celebrated man in history might you name in asking a servant to make a fire in the grate?'

Olivia Massey, S. B., Ont., asks two riddles, but they have been asked before. You should always send answers with your riddles, Olivia, as our rule is not to publish a riddle unless we know the answer.

Gladys Brouck, I., Ont., and E. R. Baloam Hill, Ont., send riddles that have also been asked before. Gladys has a cent made in 1812, nearly a hundred years old now.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Edith's Fire-crackers.

(By Effie Stevens, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Good-bye, girls! Have a good time, and don't get into mischief while we are away,' called out Mr. Fletcher, cheerily, to the two girls standing on the piazza; then he took his place in the waggon beside Mrs. Fletcher and drove rapidly out of the yard.

'Good-bye! Good-bye!' echoed the girls. Then the waggon turned a corner and was hidden by the trees.

The two girls looked at each other silently for a moment. They were left to keep house entirely alone for the first time in their lives, and they hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

'You won't feel afraid, will you, Edith?' asked Rachel, slowly. She was not quite sure that she might not feel a little afraid herself when night came, but she hoped that Edith was brave.

'Of course I shall not feel afraid,' replied Edith, confidently. 'Last year I stayed alone with my cousin two whole nights.'

Edith did not think it necessary to explain that her cousin was a young woman, twenty years old, or that her home was a city flat, so that staying there was a very different matter from staying alone all night in a country house, half a mile from neighbors, with only a girl of her own age for company.

Edith and Rachel were cousins, but, as their homes were far apart, they had never seen each other until this summer, when Edith was making her relatives a long-promised visit.

Only that morning news had come of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Fletcher's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher felt that they must go to her at once, but it did not seem wise to take the two girls with them, and so it was decided, much to the girls' delight, to leave them to keep house alone for one night.

At first Mrs. Fletcher objected to leaving them alone, but Mr. Fletcher laughed and said: 'Why, mother, those girls are not babies. They are old enough and smart enough to stay alone one night.'

After the departure of the older members of the family the girls busied themselves about getting supper, and managed to get considerable fun out of the work. It was not until after supper had been eaten and the dishes washed and put away that time began to hang heavily upon their hands.

'Do you know I have not bought a single fire-cracker!' Edith exclaimed, suddenly. 'It is so quiet here that it is hard to realize that to-morrow will be the Fourth of July.'

'I have not bought any, either,' said Rachel, slowly.

She did not quite like to confess to Edith that celebrating had always been a great trial to her, as she was very much afraid of explosives.

Her father always made a point of giving her money every year for fireworks, hoping to overcome her fear of them in time, and every year Rachel conscientiously spent that money for fireworks, which her father, in the end, set off himself.

This year she had quietly resolved not to spend any money for fireworks, as her father had told her to do as she pleased about it.

As Edith had said nothing about fireworks, Rachel had hoped that she did not care for them, either, but now she was speedily undeceived.

'I don't see how I came to forget,' said Edith, soberly. 'I think a good noisy time, with lots of crackers and things, is as much fun as Christmas, don't you?'

'I like Christmas best,' acknowledged Rachel, truthfully.

'Is there any place where we could get some fire-crackers now?' asked Edith, suddenly. 'I've been saving my pocket money for weeks, and I should feel so disappointed not to be able to celebrate at all.'

'Why, yes,' replied Rachel, reluctantly. 'We might go to the village. Mr. Green keeps such things in his store, but it is over a mile to walk.'

'I don't mind that; besides, it is light real late,' said Edith, eagerly.

So the girls started out; Edith all life and animation; Rachel reluctantly, though she strode to hide this feeling from her companion. In her heart she hoped that Mr. Green had already sold all his fireworks.

'It isn't kind for me to want to spoil another's pleasure,' she thought, 'but I just can't help it.'

Alas! Her hope was not to be fulfilled. Mr. Green still had a goodly display of fireworks when the girls reached his store.

While they were buying their fire-crackers a ragged, bare-footed boy entered the store. There was no one to wait upon him just then, so he sat down upon an empty box, but every now and then his eyes wandered to the counter where the fireworks were displayed, and there was such an expression of eager longing in them Mr. Green noticed it.

So when the boy's turn to be waited upon came, he asked cheerily, 'I suppose you want fire-crackers, young man?'

The boy shook his head soberly.

'Why, do you expect to celebrate the Fourth of July properly without fire-crackers?' exclaimed Mr. Green, in pretended astonishment.

'Don't expect to,' muttered the boy, doggedly. 'Never had no fire-crackers, anyway. I've come for half a pound of tea for Mrs. Graham.'

'Who is he?' asked Mr. Green, when the boy had left the store. 'He don't seem to belong around her.'

'Oh, he's a State boy. Old man Graham's taken him to work,' volunteered a customer. 'Don't look as if he had ever had enough to eat, but how he did eye those fire-crackers!'

The girls had been loitering in the store during this conversation. Now Edith's eyes filled with tears and her cheeks grew red with excitement. 'Hurry, Rachel,' she whispered, 'I want to catch up with the boy,' and she sped out of the store with Rachel, perforce, at her heels.

'What are you going to do?' she asked, breathlessly, as soon as she caught up with Edith.

'I'm going to give my fire-crackers to that poor boy,' answered Edith, her voice trembling. 'Did you hear him say that he never had had any fire-crackers, and did you see how longingly he looked at them?'

'But how will you celebrate?' asked Rachel. She never had even thought of the possibility of giving her fire-crackers away, as the impulsive Edith proposed doing. The chance of getting rid of her undesired fire-crackers was too good to be lost, however, so she said hurriedly, 'I'll give him mine, too, if he will take them.'

A blush of shame and regret that she was making no sacrifice, mantled her cheeks, when Edith replied, joyfully, 'Why that is generous of you, but you need not feel obliged to just because I do. After seeing him I could not enjoy my fire-crackers, knowing how much he wanted some. Boys care so much about such things, you know.'

After a brisk chase the girls overtook and pressed upon the astonished boy their recent purchases. He just managed to blurt out an awkward, 'Thank you,' before the girls hurried away, but the look of pleasure in his eyes was sufficient thanks for them.

'We must hurry home now for it is getting real late,' said Edith. 'It must have taken us longer than we thought to get the fire-crackers.'

'And to give them away again,' said Rachel.

'I am no better off now than I was in the first place,' laughed Edith.

'Oh, yes, you are,' said Rachel softly. 'You have made someone happy.'

'I was only talking,' replied Edith. 'The thought of that boy's pleasure makes me happier than fireworks ever could.'

Edith and Rachel reached home at last, a pair of tired though happy girls. When bedtime came they were too sleepy to even remember that they were all alone in the house, or that they had expected to feel a little frightened by the act.

The next day was a very quiet one for them, and try as they would to interest themselves in their usual pleasures it seemed very long, indeed. So they hailed with delight the unexpected return of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher at five o'clock.

When Mr. Fletcher pulled several bunches of fire-crackers from his capacious pockets, Edith's enthusiasm could not be restrained, and she spent the remainder of the day in celebrating in the good old-fashioned way.

'Paw an' Me, Pardners.'

A brief stop, and the train puffed impatiently away toward Tavares. The platform was soon left to the possession of two fruit-farmers, who were transferring boxes of oranges from their mule-waggons to an empty car on a side track, and a small, sallow-faced boy twelve or fourteen years old. For some time the boy watched the operations of the men with a languid interest, and then moved slowly down to where several cases of pineapples were awaiting shipment. Seating himself on one of these, he appeared to give himself up to the enjoyment of the fragrance of the fruit. Occasionally he bent his head to gaze curiously between the slats of the boxes. Clearly he had never eaten pineapples, and wondered if they tasted as good as they smelled.

Sometimes he glanced up as if he were expecting some one, but he did not seem impatient. Perhaps he was used to waiting.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

Our army of 'Pictorial' boys are just now asking eagerly 'Who's the Winner?' as the time for closing our third competition draws near. The results are to be in the July 'Pictorial.' Watch it and see if YOU'RE the lucky one. But for

NEXT COMPETITION

we have something that will astonish you. That's why we said, 'Good, better, best.' We won't call off the regular quarterly competition, for we will give much the same run of prizes, two 'Dominion' prizes, ten 'Provincial' book prizes (one for Nfld.), but we will give in addition, on terms to be won by every boy, handsome bunting

CANADIAN FLAGS AS SPECIAL BONUS

for summer sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' It will be vacation time in July and August for city school boys, and for most country boys, too. There will be a general shifting round of visitors, and altogether it will be a grand chance for bright boys to do business.

Of course, you need to sell a certain number to get this fine three-foot bunting flag, but of that more next week. But the flag is not a prize limited to one; it is a bonus open to all. This advance notice is merely to voice this flag offer abroad among our loyal young Canadians, so that they won't lose a moment in getting to work on their July orders. 'It's the early bird——' You know the rest.

Some boys in towns and cities will very easily win one or even two flags for themselves in this way. In many other places a boys' club will work together and secure a flag to hold in common. But we mean to make it possible in some way or other for almost any good Canadian boy to wave his country's emblem.

We have plans, too, as to what we can do for the boys who do win flags, but it wouldn't do to give away these plans just yet. It's as well to remember what the old cook said when he gave his recipe for hare pie. His advice was: 'First catch your hare.' To all our patriotic Canadian boys we say 'First get your flag—and to do this, drop us a post-card this very day ordering a definite number of the July 'Canadian Pictorial,' so that they will be sent you as soon as ready, along with full particulars of this grand flag offer.

Address John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Suddenly a gruff voice brought him trembling to his feet.

'Can ye drive, sonny?'

'I—I mought,' stammered the boy, a frightened look creeping into his eyes. 'I worked a heap with mules on the poor-farm.'

'There, there, I didn't mean to scare ye. But I want somebody to drive my team over to the grove for another load. Smith'll take the other team and point out what ye'll do. I've got to stay here and mark truck.'

'I were a-waitin' fer paw, and I 'low I cayn't go right now. If it weren't for that, I'd accommodate ye, sure.'

He spoke deprecatingly, and bent his shoulders as if he expected a blow. The man looked at him curiously. The shrinking form and furtive glances reminded him of some dumb animal cowed by long abuse.

'Don't be feared, I'm not burtin' babies,' he said in kindly tones. 'But I 'low your paw must be pizen mean, and——'

'My paw never hurted me!' interrupted the boy, fiercely. ''Twere the poor-house men that pestered and beat me. My paw wrote for me his own self, he did, and I come clean from Car'lina on the cars. We're goin' to be pardners, him and me. He wrote me. My paw's bigger than you, and he'll fight all you 'uns that talk to him bad. Him and me's goin' to make an orange grove, and he wrote me the money to come on paper, and the post-office man gave it to me. He's bigger than you, and more favored.' The sallow cheeks were flushed now, and the eyes flashed angrily.

'Sho, sho!' expostulated the man. 'I 'low I don't know your paw's name, and I reckon he's a mighty fine man. But if ye'll take my team over I'll make it all right with him when he comes. Likely he'll not be 'round before next train now, and ye'll be back long before that. Besides, ye can show him this when ye see him,' and he tossed up a silver quarter and caught it as it descended.

Quite reassured, the boy clambered into the waggon and began skilfully to back the mules from the platform. Seeing his team was in safe hands, the man turned his attention to stenciling the boxes.

'Ye'll be sure and tell paw I were a-waitin'?' shouted the boy before he disappeared from sight.

'Sure!'

An hour and a half afterward the team drove up, and the boy asked eagerly:

'Did paw come?'

'Hain't seen him,' answered the man. 'But perhaps he'll come to meet the next train. Likely he 'lowed ye wouldn't be round before then.'

But the next train puffed in and out, and the crowd once more melted away from the depot and left the boy alone. Soon after the man who had given him the quarter came up.

'Your paw must have mistaken the day,' he said, kindly. 'That were the last train. Ye'd better come home with me for the night, and to-morrow ye can come back and wait for him.'

The boy followed his new friend doubtfully. 'I must surely be back early in the mornin',' he observed. 'Paw mought think I got lost.'

'What's your paw's name? Perhaps I might have heard of him.'

John Croffers; and paw, he 'lows it are a good name. His grandfather were a cap'n, he were.'

The boy spoke proudly and looked at his new friend with flushed cheeks; but the man turned his face away with a low whistle of dismay. John Croffers had been led away from the town only the week before, and warned never to enter it again. He had long been known as idle and shiftless, and for some time suspected of being even worse.

Cattle had mysteriously disappeared, and no amount of search would reveal their whereabouts. Grove-owners occasionally found orange-trees stripped of their fruit. Even nurserymen declared that choice stock disappeared from their grounds.

No proof could be found against Croffers save that he was idle and dissolute. He had entered a good homestead claim three years before, but had done little to improve it. A rough cabin in the centre of a clearing of several acres, a few straggling orange trees and a dozen or so ragged bananas represented the whole of his three years' work.

But the country had filled up rapidly during the last few years, and the homstead was already becoming valuable. There were many who would be only too glad to 'jump' it. Croffers' title could only be perfected for two years yet, and should he remain away, as he had been ordered, the land would revert to the Government and be open to the public.

Yesterday Mr. Windom would not have cared. The man, he thought, deserved nothing; but now it seemed to him that the pitiful little figure on the seat by his side ought to have some interest in his father's homestead. And perhaps they had been a little hard on Croffers. There was no proof.

'Do you know my paw?' asked the boy, who was beginning to feel his companion's silence rather prolonged.

'I—well—yes, I do recollect him, now ye mention his name. Ye see, he had particular duty over in Marion County last week. Lookin' after some business, I b'lieve. I reckon he 'lowed we'uns would take care of ye till he got back.'

The boy's face lengthened visibly. 'When mought he get back, and what am I to do?' he asked.

'W'ell, I reckon he's lots to look after, and maybe it'll be a month—mebbe several—before he gets 'round. I can give ye plenty of work drivin' mules until he comes.'

'But him and me were to be pardners and make an orange grove. I 'low I must look after the place while he's gone.'

'Ye'll be scared 'way out there alone, ye're such a little fellow. Better stay with me.'

The boy drew himself up slightly.

'The poor-house folks 'lowed Bob Croffers never got scared,' he said, slowly. 'I were made to stay alone in the cotton-fields nights and watch the crop.'

'If ye can do it, ye'll save your daddy's ranch, mebbe.' Then, in answer to the boy's questioning look, Mr. Windom told him about the homestead laws and the residence and improvement necessary to perfect the title. 'Likely your paw'll be back after it blows over—after he's done his business, I mean,' he concluded.

'I 'low I must go to-morrow, sure,' was Bob's only answer.

Accordingly, the next morning after breakfast Mr. Windom sent one of his boys to guide the Croffers boy to his father's deserted homestead. A drove of half-wild razor-backed hogs were found disposing of the few vegetables left in the garden-patch, while several cows were making free with the tender twigs of the orange-trees.

After driving these beyond the broken fence, the boys made an examination of the place. An ordinary observer would have been dismayed; but to Bob, fresh from the hardships and blows of the poor-house, it was full of delightful promise. The stunted orange-trees assumed beautiful proportions; the bananas were examined wonderingly; even the broken fence and poor cabin felt the touch of his caressing, loving fingers. They were all his! He was one of the 'pardners'! Even the glory of his captain grandfather began to fade in the light of this new possession.

Young Windom returned home, and Bob was left to himself. Although three miles from the nearest neighbor, no thought of fear entered his head. He was too full of his new possessions. A few sweet potatoes and other provisions found in the cabin would last for several days, and when they were gone, he had five dollars in money to fall back upon. His father had sent it to him to buy clothes with, but such expenditure seemed wasteful, and he had hidden the money away on his person instead.

It was not long before the Croffers homestead began to be regarded curiously by such as chanced to pass that way. The broken fences, which had become almost a part of the landscape, had given place to better ones all around the clearing. Weeds, brush, rubbush, and the straggling branches of the orange-trees had disappeared. The bananas were trimmed into shape. The cabin door swung gravely on two hinges instead of hanging tipsily to one side. The brush along the roadside was cut away and a sidewalk attempted.

The neighbors kept a sort of wondering oversight of the place, and when it became known that Mr. Windom had plowed a couple of acres for the boy, and was to take his pay in work, they looked questioningly at each other. Had they made a mistake? Surely the father of such a boy could not be wholly bad.

Meantime one neighbor gave Bob some seeds, another showed him how to ridge up his sweet potatoes to the best advantage, another taught him how to put a bud into an orange-tree. Later, when his peas and beans began to approach maturity, they frequently stopped and took his truck into town and sold it with theirs.

The winter had passed and early summer was approaching, and still there were no signs of the elder Croffers. Mr. Windom told Bob that his business must have been more difficult than he had expected. 'Likely he would be back before long.' Bob never heard the full story from any one.

He had been at work for Mr. Windom several weeks, grubbing palmetto, and was to take his pay in young orange-trees. He had to leave home very early and did not return until after dark. Mrs. Windom usually forced on him a small basket of provisions or filled his pockets with oranges.

One evening, as he approached home, he fancied he saw some one leaning against the fence. It was too dark to see clearly, and for a moment he stopped irresolutely. Visions of thieves and robbers rose before him; but the thought of home made him pull himself together and walk quietly forward.

The figure did not seem to notice him. As

FLAGS for HOME and SCHOOL.

ENTHUSIASM FROM THE WEST.

From the west lately have come some very interesting letters re our offer of flags for the schools and homes of Canada. One in particular we have in mind hails from a teacher in Stirling, Alberta.

The school district is evidently a flourishing one, though comparatively new, and the people take a pride in all that concerns their school. The teacher writes:—

'We have a large brick school, a good library, and this spring some framed pictures are being procured, while the trustees are planting about 350 trees around the school ground. We need a good flag to complete the extras.'

A later letter says: 'The pupils are enthusiastic and hard at work. We measured off the different sizes of flags, and decided we wanted the large one. The pupils of my room had an interesting study of the empire yesterday (Empire Day). Credit us with the $5.00 enclosed, and we will work till June 15 and then send for the flag earned so that we will have it for July 1 (Dominion Day).

We are very glad to be able to help a school like this. We believe that this work they have done for the flag will tell in years to come in making these boys and girls patriotic citizens. Correspondence invited with any school needing a good flag, or with any society or private individual who cares to accept our offer. It is a 'free for all' proposition. Address Flag Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—If you have not secured a flag this year for Dominion Day, don't think it's no good trying. There's the Prince's visit, you want to honor—and there are days without number when you will want that flag very badly. We have a flag waiting for you—if you are only willing to do a little work. For three-foot flags for boys, be sure to read 'Good, better, best' on another page.'

he was about to pass by, a broken sentence caught his attention: 'Ye're diff'runt now, and dressed up, but ye're mine, mine! Only I dasn't come to ye. I never done anything to be chased off like a bear and never be let meet Bobby. Poor little Bobby! I expect he's done list before now, and I can't see him any more.'

The boy's heart seemed to stop for a moment, and as a half sob caught his ear, he sprang forward with a passionate cry:

'Paw! O paw! Ye have come!'

For some minutes they clung to each other in silence. Then Bob disengaged himself from his father's arms, and stood back to survey the massive figure.

'Ye are big, paw; just—surely—big. And now we'll be pardners, and make the orange grove. I've worked for the trees of Mr. Windom.'

'Mr. Windom?' repeated the man in a dazed tone. 'Does Windom know I were comin' back?'

'He 'lowed you were comin' before long, and he helped me get in the crop, he did.'

''Lowed I were a-comin' before long!' again repeated the man. 'But, who's jumped the place, Bobby, and done all this 'ere fixin'? I ain't feeling hard on him, lad 'cause he's taken care of ye. Only I just would like to know who's to live on the homestead. It were mine—the only bit of ground I ever really owned.'

Bob looked at him wonderingly.

'Why, paw, nobody's been here but me. We are pardners, ye know, and Mr. Windom 'lowed I'd better look after the place and fix it up against ye come back. But let's be gettin' supper. Mrs. Windom give me a basket plum 'full of pies and fixin's.'

Slowly the two walked toward the house; but after Bob entered, the man lingered a moment, gazing at the stars.

'I'll be good ter the boy arter this, I sw'ar!' he exclaimed; and he, too, entered—to be driven out no more. To be 'pardners' with Bob made him a good citizen.—Frank H. Sweet, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Thankful for the Tracks.

It is a blessing that we have to do the things to-day that we do not want to do. We may be in sharp rebellion against the pressure of the limitations that shut us in and prescribe to-day's duty. So is the locomotive, with its train of cars, in rebellion against the narrow, sharply-defined rails within which it is set, and which curve and turn this way and that, compelling the locomotive to follow: it rebels against every turn in the track, and would, if it could, jump clear and go straight ahead on its own spontaneous, unhindered way. And then it would be glad to get back on to the smoother running, even if narrowly limited and sharply dictatorial, track again. For that is the only way by which it can reach its goal; and it is also the way of least wear and tear, strain and obstruction. Our own sweet wills, spontaneous and uncontrolled, would not make a good substitute for the steel rails of duty and environment in which God has set us. These God-ordained, lovingly prescribed limitations hold us and insist that we shall work by a better plan than our own. Let us be thankful for the tracks that mean safety from a ditching.—'S. S. Times.'

The Arms of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

(By J. Vroom, in the 'Educational Review.')

The assignment of armorial ensigns to the provinces of the Dominion of Canada is a matter of sufficient importance to have called for the official sanction of the Sovereign; and since armorial bearings have now been granted by royal warrant to each separate province of the Dominion, 'for the greater honor and distinction of the said Province,' as it is expressed in the warrants, we may very well be expected to take the trouble of learning what these armorial bearings are and how to read them.

To look for symbolism in every coat of arms is to forget that originally the use of heraldic charges was merely to identify a mailed warrior to his followers. Nevertheless, such charges are often significant; and especially is this true of what are called territorial arms. In the arms of the Canadian provinces, there is in most cases a significance which, though not essential, is quite obvious and very interesting.

In these coat of arms, of course, we find gold and silver, the two metals used in heraldry, respectively called or and argent. In addition to these, there are three colors, namely red, blue and green, respectively known in heraldic terms as gules, azure and vert. The other tinctures more or less used in heraldry do not happen to occur in the Canadian arms. Gules, red, is indicated in the accompanying drawings by vertical lines, the proper conventional marking for this tincture; azure, blue, by horizontal lines; vert, green, by diagonal lines in the direction which on a map we would say was from northwest to southeast. Or, gold, is marked with dots, to distinguish it from argent, silver, which is left unmarked. With the help of the drawings, we can interpret the blazons, or heraldic descriptions of the arms.

Ontario. By warrant dated the 26th of May, 1868, nearly a year after the confederation of the provinces, Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, 'of her princely grace and special favor,' granted to the Province of Ontario the following armorial ensigns: Vert, a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped Or; on a Chief Argent the Cross of St. George. Which means that the shield is of vert, and the maple leaves of or; that is, the shield green and the maple leaves gold. The word slipped refers to the stem, and means cut off diagonally. It is a good example of the brevity of heraldic terms, which, to one who has learned their use, are as beautifully concise and clear as are those of botany. The chief is the upper part of the shield. In this instance it is argent, silver; and it bears the Cross of St. George, which, as everybody knows, is red. The maple leaf is a well known Canadian emblem, and had been used with other emblems on the coinage of the old Province of Canada. St. George's Cross may be supposed to refer to the Loyalist settlers, or merely to British connection. Certainly it adds dignity and beauty to the design.

Quebec. The official description of the arms of Quebec reads: Or, on a Fess Gules, between two Fleurs-de-lis in chief Azure and a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped Vert in a base, a Lion passant gardant Or. The first word, or, tells us that the shield is of gold. The fess is the bar across the middle of the shield. It is of gules, red; and the lion is or, as in the royal arms of England. Passant means walking; gardant means facing the observer. Three golden lilies on a field azure were the royal arms of France. To Quebec, then, are fittingly assigned two lilies of France with the colors reversed, the third fleur-de-lis being replaced by the maple leaves of Canada. The shield is honored and further adorned by the fess with a lion of England; the whole saying as clearly as could be expressed in words that the province is a French province in Canada which the Queen deigned especially to honor by the grant of a lion from the royal arms. This grant of arms and the two next following were included in the same warrant with that of the arms of Ontario.

Nova Scotia. Or, on a Fess wavy Azure, between three Thistles proper, a Salmon naiant Argent. The fess wavy azure, suggesting the blue sea, may refer to the maritime position of the province, or to its being a portion of Her Majesty's dominions beyond the sea. The salmon, the noblest of fishes, is an appropriate device which needs no strained interpretation, and probably had no deeper meaning than that of belonging to the sea. It is argent, silver, for the sake of contrast with the blue. Naiant means swimming. The thistles are proper; that is, are painted in their true colors. Their use in this connection is not new, for a thistle appeared on the copper coinage of Nova Scotia as early as 1823; undoubtedly suggested by the name of the province, the thistle being a well known badge of old Scotland.

New Brunswick. Or, on Waves a Lymphad or Ancient Galley with oars in action proper; on a Chief Gules a Lion passant Or. On the reverse of the old coins of New Brunswick there is a full rigged ship at anchor. Its most obvious meanings are maritime position and commercial enterprise. The lymphad or galley, whether suggested by the coins or not, is the heraldic equivalent of the ship, and conveys the same meaning. A picture of things as they are is as much out of place in a coat of arms as in a stained glass window; and the galley and waves, therefore, to be satisfactory, must not be too pictorial. They are officially described—to use the right word, blazoned—as above. The galley having oars in action, we should expect the sail to be furled. In the official drawing which accompanies the description, however, the sail is spread and filled with a head wind. Though the two ends of the galley are so nearly alike, we know which is the fore, under the general rule that everything which has a head or fore part, whether advancing or not, must be represented as heading towards that side of the escutcheon which we regard as the first or more honorable. Flags and sail and waves in the drawing indicate that the wind is blowing from that direction. The waves fill the whole width of the shield, and are of a bluish green; the galley is black, the flags red, and the sail brown. The province having been named in honor of the ruling dynasty, the House of Brunswick, it was quite appropriate that it should have in chief a lion of England.

The Dominion. In the same warrant it was ordered that the arms of the Dominion of Canada should be composed of 'the arms of the said four provinces quarterly.' No other arms of the Dominion have since been authorized; and, until some later arrangement is set forth by authority, the arms of the first four provinces only, arranged 1 Ontario, 2 Quebec, 3 Nova Scotia, and 4 New Brunswick, will remain the proper arms of the Dominion of Canada.

Manitoba. On the 10th of May, 1905, King Edward, by royal warrant, assigned the following armorial ensigns to the Province of Manitoba: Vert, on a Rock a Buffalo statant proper; on a Chief Argent the Cross of St. George. The buffalo, or bison, the noblest animal of the western plains, makes an appropriate device for the shield of the first province of the Great West, which differs from that of Ontario only in having this device instead of the maple leaves. Statant means standing. In the old and unauthorized form of the arms of Manitoba, a form which made its appearance soon after the province was admitted to the confederation, the buffalo was represented as plunging across the field, either in flight or in attack upon some imaginary enemy. The correct and more dignified form is suggestive of strength and stability.

Prince Edward Island. Arms were granted to the Island Province on the 30th of May, 1905. They are blazoned thus: Argent, on an Island Vert to the sinister an Oak Tree fructed, to the dexter thereof three Oak Saplings sprouting, all proper; on a Chief Gules a Lion passant gardant Or. Dexter means the right hand and sinister the left of the person bearing the shield, not of the observer who is facing it. Fructed, of course, is fruited; and sprouting is growing up. A tree with a few branches, a few oak leaves and a few acorns may represent the oak, and the saplings may be equally simple in form. The Island is not surrounded by water; it is merely a green patch of suitable outline on the silver shield—a suggestion rather than a representation. Landscape arms, it is true, are not unknown in heraldry; but they are looked upon as a degraded form of heraldry, unworthy of the best traditions of the art. The device for the Prince Edward Island coat of arms is taken from the old provincial seal, which was assigned to the province by imperial order in council in 1769. Its reference is, of course, to the colonies being under the protection of the Mother Country. The motto of the seal, 'Parva sub ingenti,' is omitted; for a motto, though it may be used on a seal, is out of place in a coat of arms. The device expresses the same thought. The little ones being the subject, the saplings are put on the dexter side. A moment's consideration will show that a transposition of the trees, making the parent oak the principal figure,

would be decidedly less complimentary if not wholly inappropriate. As the province has changed its name since 1769, and now bears the name of King Edward's grandfather, it was eminently fitting that there should be assigned to it the addition of a lion from the royal arms.

British Columbia. Some years ago, the executive council of British Columbia assumed arms for that province, taking for the purpose, without any alteration, the lines and colors of the Union Jack—an achievement which might seem to imply that British Columbia governed the United Kingdom. To this they added a chief displaying half the sun's orb and rays on a background of wavy bars. The sun—in the language of blazon, the sun in his splendor—was not the setting sun, referring to geographical position, but the rising sun of prosperity; as we should learn from the motto adopted at the same time, as if an explanation were needed: 'Splendor sine occasu.' When armorial ensigns for the province were authorized by royal warrant, on the 31st of March, 1906, it appeared that the College of Arms had transposed the bearings, placing the Union symbol above and changing it by the addition of a crown in the centre; a change, or difference, as it is called, being needed; and the plan of changing the tinctures being in this case inadmissable. There is an artistic gain, too, in the addition of the crown. It gives a rest point for the eye amid the confusing lines and colors; and a touch of gold was needed to balance the 'splendor' below. The official description is: Argent three Bars wavy Azure, issuant from the base a demi-Sun in splendor proper; on a Chief the Union Device charged in the centre point with an Antique Crown Or.

Saskatchewan. The armorial bearings of Saskatchewan are simple and beautiful. They are blazoned: Vert, three Garbs in fess Or; on a Chief of the last a Lion passant gardant Gules. A garb is a sheaf, and in fess means in line from right to left; so this description tells us that the shield is of green with three golden wheat sheaves in line across it. The chief has a lion of England with the colors reversed. The royal warrant authorizing these arms was issued on the 26th of August, 1906.

Alberta. Arms were granted to the new Province of Alberta on the 30th of May, 1907. The description reads: Azure, in front of a range of Snow Mountains proper a range of Hills Vert, in base a Wheatfield surmounted by a Prairie both also proper; on a Chief Argent a St. George's Cross. A landscape broad and fair; nevertheless, all that has been said against landscape arms as a violation of good taste and good heraldry applies with full force to these. Someone wishing to see mountains and prairie pictured in the provincial coat of arms has evidently tried to get official sanction for it; and, perhaps, after some delay, has succeeded. The result is not pleasing, though saved from positive ugliness by the clear lines of St. George's Cross. Not that a landscape may not be beautiful, nor that the one under consideration is devoid of beauty; but a coat of arms is to be seen at a distance, and must be judged accordingly. Only sharp and clear devices can give a good effect in a distant view. It has puzzled the officials of the Herald's College to describe these arms in heraldic terms. In the official drawing the prairie is brown, with patches of dark green that are supposed to be clumps of bushes. The wheatfield is yellow and brown. (The illustration is from a copy of the official drawing signed by the York Herald, which was kindly sent to me by Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archivist.)

A grouping of the arms of the nine provinces in one shield, though not authorized, is quite allowable. Since there is no authorized arrangement of them, you are at liberty, if you wish, to draw them with the arms of your own province in the centre, which is the place of honor, grouping the others around in any order that is pleasing. In doing this, you may find it necessary to use color before you can decide upon a well balanced and satisfactory arrangement.

Ontario.

Quebec.

Nova Scotia

New Brunswick.

Manitoba.

P. E. Island.

British Columbia

Saskatchewan.

Alberta.

—New York 'Tribune.'

We Won't Forget Which Is Our Coat of Arms Again.

LITTLE FOLKS

Our Dominion Day Procession.

'Hats Off!
Along the Street There Comes
A Blare of Bugles, a Muffle of Drums;
And Loyal Hearts are Beating High;
Hats Off!
The Flag is Passing by!'

The Post-office.

It's the secretest thing that ever you knew!
It's down in the Porter apple tree.
Nobody knows it but Margie and me,
And our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers
And aunties and uncles and one or two others,
And you!

It's our own little post-office box!
It's a dear little, queer little hole—
You won't tell a soul!
And we drop down it whatever we please,
In a secret place, one doesn't need keys
And locks!

Our mail isn't like grown folks' quite,
We send posies and apples and pears,
And things like that, for which one cares—
We shan't mail letters till by and by.
We don't care to. Margie and I
Can't write!

—'St. Nicholas.'

Ethelinda's Hard Lesson.

(By Angelina M. Tuttle, in the 'Congregationalist.')

One pleasant summer evening Ethelinda had been having a perfect gale of fun with the two yellow puppies. She had found an old accordion in the attic and its wheezy notes excited the two little dogs. They tried to sing like it. Then they ran madly about the yard and when Ethelinda would spring out at them from behind the syringa bush by the south door, both would yodel and yelp and run till their short, fat bodies seemed scarcely to clear the ground and their little toes fairly dug up the green turf trying to go faster.

Ethelinda laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, and when the puppies stopped for breath, their pink tongues hung out and their fat sides puffed very fast. But they made little dashes forward and stamped their fore feet, seeming to beg for more of the fun. So Ethelinda squawked the accordion and away they would scamper round and round, faster and faster, till suddenly—acough! That new tooth of Ethelinda's seemed to fairly jump into the air and seize her whole body in one big ache. Down went the accordion and both hands went to comfort her cheek.

Grandpa stopped laughing and said, 'Why! poor child!'

Grandma just held open those warm, comforting arms of hers. All three were well acquainted with the ways of that naughty tooth.

No more fun that night. Ethelinda rolled back and forth in her big bed in the big south chamber, and the big moon looked in through the big maple tree; but that big, big toothache monopolized everything for the little girl. Grandma came with all sorts of remedies—camphor, peppermint, liniment and a bag of hops hot from the kitchen oven. All the time they knew it was not much use, for had not the dentist said it would probably ache some till fairly through!

'O, that horrid old tooth!' moaned Ethelinda, and she rolled to and fro and sometimes sobbed and sometimes held her cheek hard.

Grandpa came up to comfort her. He patted her head with his large hand and called her by all her pet names and said how sorry he was.

'Shall I sing to help you to go to sleep?' he asked; and Ethelinda, holding her hot cheek very hard, mumbled something like 'Yes, please.'

So he began with 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' and 'Hail the blest morn.' He sang in a clear, pleasant tenor voice that lent a charm to the peaceful old hymns. He knew merry darkey songs as well, but to-night he sang only quiet hymns.

Usually it made Ethelinda happy to hear him, but now that tooth spoiled even the hymns and the moonlight. She began to long to cry hard and loud but she tried to lie still and listen. Finally in the middle of 'O Jordan's stormy banks,' her body gave a great flounce across the bed, her hand tore itself from Grandpa's sympathetic clasp and a tempest of moans and sobs blotted out the music.

Grandpa sat silent and helpless a while, then as he arose to go and send Grandma up with some fresh remedy he laid a hand on Ethelinda's forehead and said sadly, 'My little girl hasn't yet learned to bear pain.'

Ethelinda doesn't remember now which conquered that night—sleep or the toothache, but she will never forget what Grandpa said about bearing pain. She knew she must learn arithmetic and history and geography, but to bear pain? Was that another lesson, and harder than any of the others? From that night she began to try to learn it.

The tooth came through in good time and the puppies continued the gayest of play-fellows. Ethelinda was happy all day long and forgot all about that hardest lesson till the day she fell from the great beam in the barn and sprained her wrist. Then as she lay white and subdued on the sitting-room lounge and the arnica and camphor made a drowsy mingling of smells, she asked Grandma:

'Must everybody even if they try to always be good, learn that hardest lesson?'

Grandma continued to bathe her forehead with the cool camphor. 'What lesson, my pet?'

So Ethelinda told her what Grandpa had said the night she could not lie still and bear the ache in her tooth.

Grandma got out another handkerchief and wiped her own eyes. 'Yes, Lambkin,' she said, 'we must all learn it sooner or later, I suspect. I've seen grown women who had never learned it, yes, and even men, too, and that was sadder than any of their hurts.'

'Is it more necessary than history and geography?' asked Ethelinda, and Grandma nodded her head.

'Is not learning it worse than old Mrs. Hurley not knowing how to read and write?'

'Much sadder,' Grandma admitted. 'To learn it is a great victory, child. The woman who has it well in her heart

is greater than if without it she were a queen and led armies to battle. Greater than he who taketh a city, darling.'

So Ethelinda lay very still and thought about Boadicea and Joan of Arc and Zenobia. She prayed God to help her not think how her arm hurt, and presently either it ached less or she felt stronger to bear it. One of the puppies came and lapped her fingers with his soft tongue and poked a cold nose inquiringly under her hand. Then he jumped up on the lounge and curled down snugly beside her feet, and Grandma let him stay though he wasn't allowed in the sitting-room and never on a lounge. Grandma fanned her gently and Grandpa sat very still in the south door. Ethelinda could see his gray head and knew he was not reading as usual. She wondered why, till she fell asleep.

It was a comforting sleep. She dreamed she was the Queen of Sheba, and the sphinx lay at her feet, but one of the pyramids had toppled over and its sharp edge lay across her wrist.

Ned and Tom.

Ned and Tom are fast friends. If Tom is wanted we all know where to look for him. In the stable on Ned's manger he sits, rubbing his furry head against Ned's, and purring gently.

Tom is a very pretty cat with long silky fur, and really ought not to go into the stable at all. But he seems so pleased to be with Ned, and Ned seems so pleased to have him that his little mistress does not like to stop him.

And if some little boys and girls could see how happy and good tempered Tom and Ned are, I think they might, perhaps, learn a lesson.—Selected.

The Little Four Marys.

The Little Four Marys, who always live in the same body, and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer meeting and as she went out she said: 'I want you to go to bed at half past seven to-night, Mary; you were up late last evening.'

'Now, that's too bad,' said Mary Willful. 'I'm not tired.' 'Nor I,' Nor I,' cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said; but at first she was quiet. She had meant to crochet a little, after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear—'He pleased not himself, and you said you wanted to be like him.'

'Let's go to bed; it's half-past seven now. We ought to mind mamma,' she said.

'Now, I just won't,' said Mary Willful.

'Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home,' said Mary Selfish.

'She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't!' said Mary Lazy; but as she spoke her eyes drooped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice still whispered, 'Shall I take up my cross daily?' 'I haven't had many crosses to-day,' she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart: 'Let's mind mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her anyway. I do begin to feel tired.'

'Well, so do I, a little,' said Mary Lazy.

Mary Willful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up; but something was drawing veils over their eyes and their thoughts too; so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep, Mary Loving said: 'Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself, and help her—help her—' She was too sleepy for the rest, but He knew.—'Wellspring.'

Harry's Thorns.

(By Helen Stirling.)

'I do wish I had some fresh sweet flowers,' said Mother Nelson one beautiful summer morning. 'Do you think you could gather some for me, Harry?'

'Oh, mother, just when I wanted to begin my kite. Can't Kitty get them?'

'I am sure Kitty will if she can, but her little fingers are not quite strong enough to break some of the stems.'

'Yes, I can, mother,' said little Kitty, who was always happy when she was helping some one.

Away skipped Kitty, and taking her little wheelbarrow ran down the garden path. 'Come,' she said, 'and we'll play we're flower sellers.'

This seemed to promise fun for Harry and he soon ran round with the big wheelbarrow.

They gathered many beautiful flowers. When they came to the rosebush poor Kitty got her little arms badly scratched in pulling the lovely roses, so Harry said he would cut them with his knife.

'I'll take all the thorns off, too, so they can't scratch mother. Father always does when he gives mother a rose,' said Harry.

As he put them in his barrow wee Marjorie came toddling out.

'Oh, here's the lady to buy our flowers,' said Kitty, and Marjorie laughed as she stood looking at Harry's load, saying 'sweet pretty flowers, such pretty flowers, Hally.' 'Here they are, mother,' said Harry as he wheeled them up to his mother.

'And Harry tooked all the thorns off. He does not want you to be hurted, Harry always takes all the thorns off for you, mother.'

'Always Harry? Grumbles are thorns I think and hurt.'—Selected.

Bold Little Moll.

There was once a little girl, named Moll, who was tired of all her toys and doll, for she wanted 'something fresh,' she sighed, then smiled as Daddy's watch she spied.

It is true little Moll had been told that her hands were too free and too bold, and they never must touch Daddy's things—not his watch, or his chain, or his rings! But, alas and alas, I must say that Miss Molly forgot to obey, and she played with the watch in delight, the naughty young troublesome mite!

But when Daddy came home from the town, oh, he looked at his watch with a frown, for the glass of the watch wasn't there; and the face of Miss Molly so fair was all covered with blushes so red—well, no need for a word to be said.

But, as she lay in bed, the tea-bell spoke most strongly to Molly, to tell that the children who will disobey must discover there's something to pay.—M. M., in the 'Child's Hour.'

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter II.—Continued. The Fly and the Ointment.

For a moment or two there was complete silence when Ernest Eastroyd was found to be standing in the doorway, shame stirring in the breast of some men, annoyance at discovery in others. But with an air of bravado Edward cried out—

'We don't believe in celebrating a wedding in the way you are doing it down yonder, Ernest; do we, Tom? And we knew that Earnshaw, and Robson, and the others here felt the same; and so we invited them up here for a change. Come, Ernest, lad,' he went on, 'drop all this teetotal nonsense, and have a glass of whisky yourself, like a good fellow, as you used to do. Your total abstinence has answered its purpose; you've got the woman you wanted. You can be independent now.'

It required all Ernest's self-control to answer with any degree of quietness this speech of his brother's. For his soul was filled with the indignation and contempt which its suggestions deserved.

'If you had not been drinking whisky, or something of the kind, Edward,' he said, you would never have given utterance to the words which have just fallen from your lips. Be it known to you, and to all here present, that I am a total abstainer from conviction, as I would to God you all were. We should then have been spared this disgraceful scene. But even if it were true, as you imply, that I had become such in order to win my dear wife, you would not, in your sober senses, have me act so dastardly a part as you have just advised. If I did so act I should deserve to be hounded out from all decent society, as you must yourself feel.'

As Ernest had been speaking he had advanced to the middle of the room, his eyes flashing, his face alternately white and flushed with the intensity of his feelings.

'Ernest is right there,' said Tom, who was standing with a billiard cue in his hand. 'You were a fool, Edward, to mention such a thing. Don't you meddle with him and his new notions again.'

He spoke with the thick imperfect utterance of the man who is in common parlance 'half seas over.' 'And on the other hand, Ernest, just you leave us alone to do as we like,' he went on, turning to his younger brother.

'I think for once,' said Ernest, bitterly, 'and on the celebration of my own wedding you might have managed to do as I like. But there is nothing like drink for blunting the moral sense.'

'You shall have a gown and bands yet, Ernest,' said Edward, in a mocking tone; 'for you do as much preaching as any parson.'

Ernest took no notice of this taunt, but turned to one of the men who was sitting with a glass of whisky before him, and hanging his head like a culprit:—

'I am sorry to see this, Robson,' he said quietly. 'When I heard that you had become a probationer at the club I was so glad, feeling sure that it would be your salvation, if you would abstain altogether. However, I——'

'I'm sorry, too,' mumbled Robson, miserably; 'but a drop o' drink offered, 's like t' magnet to t' needle to sich as me.'

'That is where the danger lies,' said Ernest. 'Weak men should be total abstainers because of it. And strong men to help the weak,' he added.

Going close up to his brother Tom he said—

'I beseech you, as master in this house, now, Tom, not to give these men any more drink. It is a fearful night, and it will tax everybody's strength, with all their faculties about them, to struggle with the wind.'

'I cannot ask you to come back to the mill; you are in no fit state,' he said, turning and addressing the men, 'except, of course, to send in for your wives, and I should advise you to do so at once.'

'You have managed amongst you to spoil the evening for me,' he said sadly, as he turned to leave; 'but I wish you all good-night!'

'Good-night,' was shouted in response, in various keys, and Mark Murwood in an undertone added, 'and good riddance!'

With an aching heart Ernest Eastroyd left the house and turned his face towards the mills, the long line of lights in the room in use shining out into the stormy darkness. His sense of the fitness of things was entirely outraged. Was this fiend in the shape of alcohol for ever fated to baffle and annoy, and set at nought every precaution o keep it at bay? Only to think of it! Men drunk—absolutely drunk—at a festivity to celebrate Kate Northrop's nuptials! Ah, it was her union with him and his—upon whom the curse rested, as an enveloping mantle—which had brought this upon her. How should he ever tell her? How would she bear it? She had trusted herself to him, spite of his surroundings, and at this early stage his brothers could thus act! If he could withhold the knowledge from her he would. Very shame should keep his tongue tied.

'Dear, are you ill?' whispered Kate, looking earnestly at her husband, when he was once more seated by her side.

No; oh no, Kate,' answered Ernest, trying to smile and speak lightly.

'Then you are troubled about something,' she said, decidedly. 'I know you are by your eyes.'

'Terrible little inquisitive,' laughed Ernest, 'you ought to know by this time that Nature has endowed me with sad eyes.'

'They are not always sad—now,' whispered Kate.

'No, thank God,' was her husband's response.

The music which had been going on now ceased, and the silence necessary during a recitation prevented the pursuance of the subject further. Soon afterwards the company broke up, with many loud cheers and hurrahs for the bride and bridegroom, the latter having previously warned his guests of the storm raging outside, and advised them to wrap up well.

'Do you know anything of Edward?' asked Annie, crossly, and addressing Ernest, as she drew her cloak about her shoulders.

'Yes,' said Ernest, with some hesitation; 'he and Tom and some others are up at the house. I will send word you are waiting.'

'He ought to have been here,' said Edward's wife, angrily. 'You see what a matrimony is like, Kate,' she added, 'when it is a year or two old.'

'It is not the matrimony that is in fault, Annie,' said Ernest, gravely, and he closely clasped his bride's hand under cover of her cloak. 'Unfortunately you will not have much difficulty in guessing what is. For God's sake do try to use some influence over Edward.'

'Dear Annie, join Lucy and me; set Edward the example, at any rate,' said Kate, earnestly.

'What nonsense you talk! Do you think anything in the wide world would induce Edward Eastroyd to give up his whisky and brandy? And am I to give up my little which I am sure papa would have said was necessary to my health, just because Edward chooses to make a beast of himself sometimes? Don't talk to me, Kate. I have long since put a stop to Lucy doing it; and I hope, now that you are a relation, you are not going to be a nuisance that way.'

And with a frowning face Annie sat down again, to wait for the recreant husband, whom she would lift no finger to save.

'I am sorry if I have vexed you,' said Kate, gently. 'You must put my speaking down to my anxiety for you and Edward. We are brothers and sisters now, you know. Until now I have never had any.'

Ernest had had difficulty, for the second time that night, in keeping his indignation from breaking forth in sharp speech, in response to Annie's tirade to his wife. Indeed, it was only Kate's 'soft answer' which prevented some word of remonstrance from his lips.

Joshua Northrop, and Lucy, and the doctor had already gone, and Kate and Ernest were bound to remain with Annie until her husband should come. But very shortly the messenger that had been despatched came back bearing a missive to her of a few words, to the effect that he was not ready yet; she must go home without him.

Annie sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, her hands quivering.

'I will go to him,' she said, stamping her foot. 'This is positively shameful.'

'I would not advise you,' said Ernest quietly, but significantly.

'And why, pray?' she asked.

'Because there are others there, some of them workpeople. You would not like a scene before them, and probably Edward would take it amiss. Let me see you to your carriage, it is waiting. It will be much the best.'

And the neglected young wife, in a bitterness of spirit which the jewels and silks she wore, though she had thought so much of them beforehand, had little power to sweeten, allowed herself to be advised.

'I knew very well you were in trouble when you came back into the room to-night, Ernest,' said Kate, nestling up to her husband, as they were bowling up the valley to their new home—this was Underbank House, about half a mile away. 'And I don't wonder, dear,' she went on. 'To-night, of all nights, that that should be going on!'

'I am so ashamed, on your account, darling,' said Ernest. 'I cannot tell you what a humiliation I feel it.'

'You have no cause for shame,' cried Kate, stoutly. 'Oh, how proud I have been of my husband this night,' she went on. 'Fighting against such odds, you have indeed made a noble stand, Ernest.'

'If I had only done it long since. I have been blind too long. I can only wonder at myself now,' was Ernest's response.

This train of thought naturally brought Mrs. Murwood in mind.

'I wonder how poor Ellen is,' he continued. 'I fancy from what Arthur said she is only just recovering from a bad attack. What a curse the drink is in our family!'

'And little Maurice; I do hope it is nothing serious,' said Kate. 'What a night it is!' she added. 'How it will blow up on West Moor!'

For the carriage at this moment had stopped, and hand in hand the young husband and wife were running up the steep garden path of the house.

'I hope everybody will get home safely,' the young wife further said, as she stepped indoors. 'And would that everybody had as happy an one as ours!'

'I know who makes it so,' said the young husband.

But we will not intrude further on so domestic a scene.

Chapter III.—Two Catastrophes.

There was no very great surprise aroused in the breast of Mr. Lord, the manager of the Eastroyden Mills, when on the morning after the festivities two of the overlookers failed to put in an appearance when work began, for he had become acquainted with what had gone on the night before up at 'the house;' and as Earnshaw—one of the two—turned up after breakfast time, and he (Lord) remembered that two of the masters were partly responsible for his delinquency, he did not say much by way of reproof.

'But where is Robson?' he asked. 'He has not come yet. Do you know anything of him?'

The two men were standing in the millyard, the engine having not yet started, when a woman came hurrying up to them. She was evidently very much agitated.

(To be continued.)

..HOUSEHOLD..

Peek-a-boo.

Where is my little one hiding from me?
Where is my darling? O, where can he be?
Under the sofa and under the chair,
Still I keep looking; but no one is there!

Where is my little one? Where can he be?
Hiding so much of his sunshine from me?
O, how his musical prattle I miss!
Sure I was never so lonely as this!

No little arms to give mamma a squeeze;
No one to comfort me; no one to tease.
There on the floor is his beautiful toy;
But where in the world is my own little boy?

Coaxing won't bring him? The rogue! Then I'll try
How he will feel when he hears mamma cry;
'O, my dear baby! Come back to me, do!
Mamma is lonely! Ha, ha! peek-a-boo!'

Peek-a-boo roses that bloom on his cheek;
Peek-a-boo eyes that so lovingly speak;
Peek-a-boo! 'sunshine' and 'mamma's delight.'
While you were hiding I thought it was night.

—'Public Ledger.'

For Home Work Room.

BABY'S BIB AND HOOD.

No. 214. Every mother's one aim is to keep baby's clothes sweet and clean; to do this it is necessary to have enough little bibs to make several changes a day, if required. Aside from saving the dress, a bib

protects the baby's chin from rubbing against a wet dress all day and getting sore thereby, to say nothing of the injustice to the little one to appear anything but perfectly clean and sweet. This design may be had already stamped on suitable heavy linen, or in a perforated pattern which is simple to use and includes complete material and full directions for stamping. The prices are: For perforated pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on pure linen 15c. Three skeins embroidery silk 15 cents.

No. 217. Hood, perforated pattern 15 cents. Stamped on fine linen including strings, 35 cents, four skeins of embroidery silk 20 cents.

HOW TO ORDER DESIGNS.

Order by number as well as name, stating whether it is the design alone or the design and working material that is desired. A lapse of one week beyond time needed for return mail should be allowed.

Write your address distinctly.

Address your letters to:

Needlework Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Let a coat of paint turn your house into a home. Let Ramsay's Paints do it for you. They are made for purity of style, purity of color and wear and tear. Every can guaranteed. Your dealer has them. Write A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal, for designs No. 5, showing painted homes.—Advt.

The Annoying Blots.

A pretty and pathetic story is told, with suitable application, by a Nashville paper, to the following effect: A father, on coming home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, was approached by his little daughter with her copy-book, which she had just finished writing. It being her first, her young face was reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, as she was sure of receiving some word of praise and cheer for her hard attempt. The pages were indeed neatly written, and her father told how well pleased he was to see how careful she had been. Presently coming to one page which had two small blots, the little girl laid her little hand upon them, and artlessly looking up into her father's face, said: 'Papa, don't see the blots!' Of course, he did not, but bent down and planted a kiss on the little forehead, and felt thankful for the lesson he had learned. He thus expressed his reflections: 'How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords which so fret and chafe us, we would just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not "see the blots." When littlenesses and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter pages!'

In our own case, we are thankful and relieved when someone whose right it is to inspect our efforts kindly overlooks the blots. So in our dealings with others we should remember what has caused us to be glad, and turn away our eyes from those little imperfections that have come into the best intentioned work. How much happier the day is when that is the guiding and governing principle in our relations with our fellow men. So our aim to give and get happiness may be the nearer attained by the judicious looking away from the blots.—Selected.

HISTORIC PICTURES.

The **"CANADIAN PICTORIAL"** for **July** will contain many beautiful pictures of surpassing historic interest in connection with the great Tercentenary celebration to be held at Quebec towards the end of next month, a celebration that stands unparalleled in the history of the world. Among the pictures of the July issue will be

THE VERY LATEST PICTURE of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, the former of whom is to be at the Tercentenary.

CHAMPLAIN, the intrepid founder of Quebec.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM, the opposing British and French Generals, whose heroic deaths on the same field are jointly honored

WOLFE'S COVE—as it was when the British troops effected their memorable landing there.

BRITISH SOLDIERS of the period, battling against the snows of a Canadian winter.

DEATH OF WOLFE—Reproduced from a celebrated painting of this tragic event.

THE QUEBEC OF TO-DAY, giving several interesting views of the Ancient Capital.

The cover design will be in keeping with the main theme, and the Woman's Department will contain a sketch of Mme. Hébert, the first Canadian Matron of old Quebec.

Besides the Quebec pictures, the July 'Canadian Pictorial' will have its usual quota of **current news pictures** as well as charming Canadian scenes, summer landscapes, etc., etc., and many other features of interest.

Altogether the July 'Canadian Pictorial' will be admired and treasured by all who see it, from the many thousands of visitors who will flock to Quebec for the celebration, to Canadians everywhere throughout the Dominion, and indeed the world over.

Better secure your copy NOW by leaving your order with your newsdealer AT ONCE.

Ten Cents a Copy. One Dollar a Year.

from any Newsdealer or Book Agent, or direct from the Publishers.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' with the 'Northern Messenger,' | 12 months of each for only **$1.00,** worth $1.40

Subscribe NOW, to start with July issue.

Out in the Fields With God.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The True Missionary Spirit.

(By Elizabeth Cheney.)

Little Mrs. Lynfold was an enthusiastic believer in foreign missions, but, although her heart was large enough to endow a dozen orphanages and hospitals, her pocket-book was small, and she could only give 'two cents a week and a prayer.' In fact, her heaviest cross was that thin pocket-book. With all her thrift and industry and faculty for making something out of nothing, it was impossible for the Lynfolds to get ahead financially. Mr. Lynfold had a fair salary as a bookkeeper, but six vigorous children can make incredible inroads on the stock of butcher, baker, and grocer, to say nothing of the shoemaker, and there were clothes for spring and fall, and always the rent to meet, and an occasional doctor's bill. The best they could do was to live in reasonable comfort and keep out of debt.

That day at the missionary meeting, Judge Wellford's widow had read an autograph letter from her very own Bible woman, a thrilling account of one day's work in the zenanas, where souls were turning eagerly toward the Light of the World. Mrs. Wellford read the letter with great satisfaction, and Mrs. Lynford had listened with hot tears rising to her eyes.

'Only thirty dollars a year!' Mrs. President was saying.

Mrs. Lynfold smiled a grim little smile. Thirty dollars was not as much for Mrs. Wellford as thirty cents was to the Lynfold exchequer!

'Dear Lord!' she cried, 'Thou knowest that I do not envy Mrs. Wellford her fine house, her servants, her horses, her lovely clothes, but how is it, when she loves the heathen no better than I do, that she can send Thy truth to so many, many women, while I have but two cents a week to give?'

She buried her face in her hands.

'Not yours but you.'

She knew there were only forty members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in the great church to which she belonged. Forty women out of three hundred and fifty! She knew that most of them never had the work brought to their personal attention. Would she undertake that task? Did she love Christ enough to do it? Did she care enough for those suffering heathen women to do it? It meant so many steps, so many words, so much tact and patience and faith and courage, and so many encounters with indifference and unbelief, perhaps with contempt. The call grew clearer and stronger; the struggle with self-will and fear was brief. Whom God appoints He anoints.

'Only baptize me with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, for this service!' prayed Helen Lynfold; and like every soul that passes over Peniel, she found that it was sunrise.

In that little attic store-room God had given her a commission. It was not romantic nor remote; but light and love came with it that she had never known. She went at the task quietly, and pursued it unobtrusively. She was sure that God would direct her every step, and so when the days were filled with home duties she did not fret at delay. She supplied herself with the best leaflets, and she distributed them in a manner that made them acceptable and insured their perusal. Occasionally, after earnest prayer, she would make a call with the express purpose of securing a new member for the auxiliary, but it was difficult for her to get out of an afternoon, and it was surprising how many ladies called upon her, and so brought into her own parlor the coveted opportunity for saying a word for the cause she loved.

She often wondered at the interest the truth awakened, at the kindness with which her advances were met, and the almost unfailing success of her efforts. She did not know that there was a light in her eyes, a magnetism in her voice, a tenderness and force in her simple eloquence that came of the fulness of the Spirit of Jesus, and stirred many hearts. In six months she had secured, without any flurry of excitement or parade of lofty intent, one hundred new members and fifty subscriptions.

Of these, one woman of wealth undertook the support of an orphan in China, two others each pledged themselves to sustain a Bible woman in Japan; but, best of all, bright, beautiful Agnes Carroll, having joined the society, became intensely interested, and was called to the foreign field. The night before she left home for the missionary training institute, she bent and kissed Mrs. Lynfold on the forehead, saying, 'It was your hand, dear, that opened the door of service to my idle feet, and I caught a glimpse of a life so attractive, that I could not hold back. Whatever I may know of blessedness or reward in my life-work must be shared with you.'

And thus it happened that of all who toiled that year for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, the one whose achievement stood second to none in far-reaching results was the little woman with the thin purse, who gave herself.—Source Unknown.

What Kind of Religion We Want.

We want religion that softens the step, and turns the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the doormat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls who are travelling over them.—'Helpful Thought.'

The Solid Wood.

'I'm almost afraid to use this beautiful table,' said the owner.

The cabinet-maker ran his hand across the polished surface and felt the thickness of the wood.

'What are you afraid of?' he asked brusquely. 'You can't wear out that table. Why, do you know nowadays they'd make fifty veneered tables out of just the wood you've got in this one. But this—the more you use it, the better for it, madam. The only flaw there is on it now is this wormhole, and that came, you say, when you had it stored away in the loft.'

That ninety-year-old table had been in constant use, had been sunned, and aired, and cleaned, and polished, and loaded down with viands, over and over again without any injury. Left alone for a few years, and supposed to be safe from harm, and resting, it got the only injury of its long life.

'You're too bright and too lovely to be just wearing yourself out doing so much for other people,' said one girl to another.

'I can't be very good stuff to begin with, then,' was the girl's retort. 'Trying to live happily with one's neighbors never wore anybody out yet, unless the person was of such thin veneer that she was afraid people would find her out.'

There is one law for the solid people and the solid woods, and that is the law of constant, well-sunned, well-aired, cheery use. Being 'exclusive' makes the value of either person or table deteriorate. The best thoughts, the most original ideas, the happiest wit, the liveliest talent, if they are of solid worth are worth most when they are in daily use, and not when they are put to one side for extra 'showing off' outside the circle of one's nearest acquaintance. Only veneer is injured by the common, practical, wholesome duties of every day.—'Forward.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

1077

No. 1077.—CHILD'S CAP.

This little cap is much prettier for a small child than one of a style that fits the head too closely. Very little material is required, and all the elaboration is put upon the band that goes around the head. This may be of solid embroidery with narrow frills, or of alternating rows of lace and Hamburg insertion. The crown is on the order of a Normandy cap, and very quaint looking. Strips of the cap material neatly hemmed or ribbon may be used for the ties. A good idea for keeping them always fresh and clean, is to work slits in the band just where they are usually stitched on, and to run the ties through these. In this way they may be quickly removed and rolled up when not in use. Directions for making and for changing the size are given on the envelope. The pattern is in one size only.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PATTERN COUPON.

Please send me

Pattern.	Size.
No..	... .
No..	....
No..	... .
No..	... .

for which I enclose .. .. .. cents

Name ....

Address..... ....

....

....

N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Religious News.

The Bishop of London organized recently a replica of his famous Wall street service in New York by holding a crowded midday service for city men in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. Some 500 invitations had been sent out to representative city men. If he himself, said Dr. Ingram, did not work from morning till night, and give everything he possessed to the work, he would not be doing his duty. But the people to whom God looked next to the Bishop of London were the very men in that church that afternoon. There never was such a problem in the history of the whole world as London. It was not merely that London was great already, but that no one knew when it would stop growing. The population increased 40,000 a year in his own diocese, which took in 4,000,000. For nine of the best years of his life he lived among the poor, and nothing struck him more than the awful division between rich and poor. They were like two cities—separate existences. Their problem was how to bring the love of God to every living child in London. Life was a stewardship and not an ownership. He desired them to make their City Association for the Bishop of London's fund a first charge on their resources.

Out of the troubles of that most distressful country God is making good to grow. At present there is no censorship, and literature of all sorts is being poured into Russia. There is just now no religious persecution, and many people and priests are leaving the Russian Church. Everywhere there is visible a great spiritual awakening. Two years ago an evangelical alliance was formed, consisting of those who had been persecuted for their faith. In some villages where this movement has been felt a moral reformation is visible; drunkenness has almost disappeared. Kharkov, which is the Russian Keswick, is the headquarters of the new movement. A paper now exists to represent the movement. It is called 'The Friend;' it is published in St. Petersburg, and is edited by Mr. Prochanoff, the chief engineer of the city of St. Petersburg. So the word of God grows mightily and prevails.

We are apt to take it too readily for granted that Islam is invincible; as though the rule was once a Moslem always a Moslem. No doubt the Moslem heart is hard and flinty, yet by divine grace can be, and in cases not a few actually has been, softened and renewed. Dr. S. M. Zwemer has recently written to the 'Sun': 'The fact is there were converts from Islam to Christianity even before the death of Mohammed, and have been ever since in all countries where the Gospel has been preached to Moslems. In North India there are 200 pastors and preachers who were once followers of Islam; in North Africa at one station 30 became Christians in 106; in Sumatra the Rhenish Missionary Society has 6,500 converted Moslems, 1,150 catechumens, and 80 organized churches; while in Java there are 18,000, and between 300 and 400 adults are baptized every year.'

The 'Nordisk Missionstidskrift,' one of the best missionary magazines, gives a number of instances to prove the working of the Gospel among the millions of heathen in India. The Hindus and Mohammedans of Dehra, in Northern India, decided to hold a thanksgiving meeting for their preservation in a great earthquake. A Presbyterian missionary was invited to preside at the meeting and the pastor of a native Christian congregation offered the first prayer. In Ahmeddnagar a Brahman high official upon his death-bed asked that a native Christian teacher be called to pray with him, although the native Christian was of low caste. Professor Tilak, of the Theological Training School of Ahmeddnagar, is a famous Marathi poet in West India.

A short time ago he won the prize at a great gathering of Marathi poets, where many of the court poets of Indian princes were present. The subject for the contest was the comparative value of the active and the contemplative life. Professor Tilak sang the praises of the active life of service. A leading Hindu poet, who had listened with interest and attention to the reading of the prize poem, exclaimed, 'Only a Christian could have written that poem. No Hindu could have done it. It is the influence of Christ which enables a man to take such a view.' At the banquet tendered the Hindu president, the Christian poet also was a much honored guest, and it was a sign of remarkable progress that Hindus and Christians sat down together.

Selected Recipes.

A NEW BEEF TEA.—Beef tea frozen to a snowlike consistence can sometimes be taken by fever patients to whom the hot tea is disagreeable beyond endurance.

BANANA ICE CREAM.—Banana ice cream may be served in banana skins, but the skins must be stiffened by laying carefully in a pan laid in ice and salt. The red banana skins are especially effective for this purpose.

FRUIT SALAD.—Pare and slice a pineapple and lay the slices in a deep glass dish, keeping as nearly as possible the natural shape of the pineapple. Peel four oranges, divide into sections and lay around the pineapple. Add four sliced bananas, and fill in the spaces with strawberries. Boil together one cup of sugar and one-half cup of fruit juice. When syrup is cold, pour over the fruit.

FUDGE.—A high school girl who was spending the evening with some friends consented to make some fudge. When it was time to add the vanilla for flavoring it was found there was none. She asked for a lemon, and she used the juice, which, combined with the chocolate, gave the fudge a delightful flavor. She made the discovery that the acid of the lemon made the fudge more creamy than any she had previously made. The lemon juice is always used now, frequently, vanilla being added as well. Part maple sugar or good brown sugar varies the flavor of fudge. Broken nut meats may be added occasionally for another change. Pure cream fudge is another fancy at present, the chocolate being omitted.—'Good Housekeeping.'

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.—Brussels sprouts should be allowed to soak in cold water for an hour before cooking them. Put over the fire in boiling water with a little salt and cook until tender. Drain off the water and put a piece of butter in the saucepan, stir until it melts, and add pepper and a little gravy, if any is at hand. Serve with this sauce: Brown a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and thin it with stock or beef extract. Let it boil for half an hour. At the moment of serving thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour and one of butter mixed. There should be a cupful of the sauce.—'Evening Post.'

RHUBARB DUMPLING is one of the most wholesome and satisfying that can be made. For the crust take 1-2 lb. flour, 4 oz. mashed potatoes, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, a pinch of salt, a little baking powder, and 6 oz. finely-shred suet. Make into dough with cold water and a teaspoonful lemon juice—an egg would be an improvement. Roll out, and line a very well greased basin with it, reserving a piece for the top. Fill in with rhubarb, sugar, a few cloves, or other flavoring, such as lemon rind or preserved ginger cut small. Wet the edges, put on top piece, and press firmly together. Tie down with a greased paper, and steam for three hours. Turn out on a very hot dish.

STUDY AT HOME.

We give instruction by mail in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Business Correspondence, Teachers' Certificates, Matriculation, Beginner's Course, Agricultural Subjects, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Civil Service, etc. Ask for what you need.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Limited
Dept. N. Toronto, Canada. 919

BOYS! If you want a really good proposition, sell the "Canadian Pictorial", Canada's leading illustrated paper. Read the large advt. on another page and judge for your self. Then send for a package to start on, premium list etc. Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial", Witness Block, Montreal.

LADIES' SUITS, $7.50 to $18.00.

Tailored to order. Beautiful Voile Skirts, $5 to $9; New Silk Coats, $5 to $10; Nice Cloth Skirts, $2 to $6; New Waists in Lawn and Silk, 50c to $4; Wash Jumper Suits, $2.25; Lustre Jumper Suits, $4.75; Silk Jumper Suits, $12.00. Linen Suits, (coat and skirt), $4 and up. Send to-day for the sample materials and style book. They are free.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Can.

CANADIAN FLAGS

Without a Cent of Outlay

Write for our plan to the Flag Department.
John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Be sure to read our Boy's Special Offer entitled 'Good, better, best' on another page.

SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies .. .. $ .40 a year
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for .. .. 1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy .. .. .30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy .. .. .20 "
Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, fifty cents extra.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

The **'Witness'** For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys' pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper.. (Send for a sample.)

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. (See ad. on another page.)

The **'Northern Messenger'** speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUB.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.. .. ..$ 1.00
'World Wide'.. .. ..$ 1.50
'Canadian Pictorial'.. .. ..$ 1.00
'Northern Messenger'.. .. .. .40

Worth.. .. ..$ 3.90

All for one year, $2.70

Anywhere in Canada or Great Britain!
Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Shop in Toronto Through Our Mail Order Department.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO.

Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

A Special June Sale

With all our experience in buying and selling dry goods, we never remember a time when conditions so completely favored shoppers as they do right now. The rush of work on the new store is urging us to greater efforts every day to get everything in readiness, and no consideration of profit or loss is allowed to stand in the way of a complete reorganization. This means that we will sell goods cheaper during the coming weeks than is liable to happen again in years, and we urge shoppers in their own interests to anticipate requirements as far as they possibly can. Read carefully the following offers from our Linen and Staple Department.

160 HEMMED SHEETS, $1.23.

Full bleached plain sheets, two sizes, hemmed, ready for use, made from good, heavy English sheetings, free from dressing, 72x90 inches. Regular $1.60 per pair. June Sale Price, **$1.23**

10c FINE STRIPED FLANNELETTE, 7c.

Best made Canadian striped flannelettes, large assortment of colorings, free from any filling, soft nap, good, strong, firm weave, colors warranted fast, 34 inches wide. Regular 10c per yard. June Sale Price **7c**

12½c CHECKED IRISH TEA TOWELLING, 9c

24 inches wide, red or blue checks, with or without border, firm close weave, good drying weight and free from lint. Regular 12½c per yard. June Sale Price . . . **9c**

35c FANCY LINEN PIECES, 15c.

400 pieces Japanese hand drawn and hand worked centre pieces, spoke hemstitched all around, very dainty designs, 12x12 inches. Regular 35c each. June Sale Price . . . **15c**

18c Bleached Circular Pillow Cotton, 13½c.

600 yards bleached circular pillow cotton, good weight, free from dressing, strong, round close thread, 44 inches wide. Regular 18c per yard. June Sale Price **13½c**

30c WHITE IRISH DRESS LINEN, 20c.

800 yards full bleached Irish dress linens, even close weaves, assorted weights, splendid qualities for hot weather dresses and skirts, good reliable goods, 36 inches wide. Regular 25c and 30c per yard. June Sale Price . . **20c**

LARGEST SIZE COTTON BLANKETS, $1.19.

400 pairs white or grey cotton or flannelette blankets, best make, beautifully napped, white or grey, pink or blue borders, 72x84 inches, just what you need even now for they are always needed. Clearing at per pair, June Sale Price **$1.19**

60c DAMASK TABLE LINEN, 38c.

700 yards sun-bleached Irish damask table linen, every thread linen, good weight and quality, will bleach pure white, 62 and 64 inches wide, good patterns. Regular 50c and 60c per yard. June Sale Price . **38c**

200 Satin Damask Table Cloths, $1.87.

Odd lots, no napkins to match, all pure linen, rich satin damask, full meadow bleached table cloths, good weight and beautiful fine quality, all this season's bordered designs, 2x2½ and 2x3 yards. Regular $2.50, $2.69, $2.75 and $3.00 each. June Sale Price, **$1.87**

12½c FACTORY COTTON, 9c.

Extra heavy unbleached or factory cotton, free from sizing and specks, round thread, will bleach pure white, splendid sheeting weight, 800 yards, 36 inches wide. Regular 12½c per yard. June Sale Price . . . **9c**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."